

THE LIVING AGE.

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FACING THE GULF.

Facing the sudden gulf, the silent
Precipice where the pathways stop,
Where flame by flame the silver con-
stant

Lamps of our lives to darkness drop,

Life would I praise, this sentient being,
Careless, unpraised, unplumbed de-
lights,

Movement and speech, hearing and
seeing,

Sleep and awakening, days and
nights.

Glory to Life in all things lovely,
Birds and lithe beasts and flowers
and trees,

Praise in the marvelous joy of Beauty,
Nameless contents and ecstasies.

Praise to the power within the crea-
ture

Creative, hand and brain and will
Toiling through endless Time in rap-
ture,

Failure, achievement, seeking still.

Father of Life, with songs of wonder,
I praise Thee, even to this end,
Love unto Thee all loves surrender,
From Whom they flow, towards
Whom they tend.

Mine is Thy Will, I yield the spirit
Still on Thine errand without cease
Gladly to run, or to inherit
In Thine eternal dwelling peace.

Margaret L. Woods.

The Poetry Review.

NEW TITLES.

In the spirit that doth foster
Kindly thought for flocks and herds,
I will covet me the honor
Of the Knighthood of the birds.

And, whatever else life offers,
Scarce contented can I be
Till the Order of the Children
I have seen conferred on me.

Egbert Sandford.

THREE SONGS FROM HEINE.

*(Translated into Scottish dialect by
Alexander Gray.)*

(WARUM SIND DENN DIE ROSEN SO
BLASS.)

What maks the roses look sae pale?
Tell me, my bonnie lass.

What maks the violets, sweet and frail,
Sae silent in the grass?

What maks the bonnie laverock's sang
Sae mournfu' far owerheid?

What maks the lilac a' nicht lang
Sae fragrant o' the deid?

What maks the sunbeams as they fa'
As cheerless as the lave?

What maks the warld as bleak and bla'
And eery as the grave?

And what maks me sae seik and wae,
I spier, my love, o' thee?

Tell me, my bonnie canty may,
What gar'd you lichtlie me?

(SEIT DIE LIEBSTE WAR ENTFERNT.)

Since my Aillie gaed awa

I find I canna laugh awa.

They come and deave me wi' their chaff.

But, wae is me, I canna laugh.

Since I tint my lassie sweet,
Naething noo can gar me greet.
My hert is sair and like to brak,
But, wae is me, the tears haud back.

(DU HAST DIAMANTEN UND PERLEN.)

O, you're braw wi' your pearls and your
diamonds,

You've rowth o' a' thing, you may say,
And there's nane has got bonnier een,
Kate:

'Od, lassie, what mair wad you hae?

I've written a hantle o' verses,
That'll live till the Judgment Day:
And they're a' in praise o' your een—
Kate:

'Od, lassie, what mair wad you hae?

Your een, sae blue and sae bonny,
Have plagued me till I am fey.

'Deed, I hardly think I can live, Kate:

'Od, lassie, what mair wad you hae?
The Nation.

WHAT OF THE LAW OF NATIONS?*

"Let men beware how they neglect and suffer matter of trouble to be prepared; for no man can forbid the spark, nor tell whence it may come."—BACON, *Essay: "Of Empire."*

At this moment some people are tempted to ask whether international relations have any legal aspect at all. The question is natural for those who paid as little attention to the subject before the war as probably the majority of lay people, and even a considerable number of lawyers, did. It does not follow that it is a reasonable question for anyone who has already considered the law of nations with regard to its origins, its development, and what it has in fact accomplished in the space of about three centuries, during which it has been an express topic of learned writers and has been appealed to in diplomatic discussion and public controversies.

Before considering the effect of this war on our notions of the mutual claims and duties arising out of the relations of independent States, it seems best to call to mind where we stood immediately before the war. Since the middle of the seventeenth century at latest the rulers of civilized States had assumed in all their public acts that there was a body of rules which they ought to observe in their dealings with one another, and that it was in some way analogous to the rules of law by which individual subjects of a State are bound in their natural lives and ordinary business. No one pretends that war abolishes all these rules, or that there are not several civilized nations still at peace with each other and still bound by whatever rules they acknowledge. I shall therefore speak of this class of rules in the present tense as now sub-

sisting. Such rules have at various times been formulated by learned writers and accepted by general use; they have been embodied in treaties, or in some cases enlarged or varied by express convention between particular States; and there has been of late an increasing tendency to consolidate portions of them, after discussion, in express conventions for which the ratification not only of the original contracting Powers but of all other Powers was invited. In the words of the late Lord Russell of Killowen, spoken to a learned audience* in America just twenty years ago, there was a "sum of the rules and usages which civilized States have agreed shall be binding upon them in their dealings with one another," and it was a very considerable sum. In many, perhaps in most, cases there was no formal instrument of agreement; but there can be no stronger evidence of assent to a rule or principle than that the parties concerned habitually appeal to it in supporting their claims, and when it is invoked against them dispute not its validity, but its application in the particular case. Moreover, these rules were expounded and discussed in much the same manner as the points of law debated in national courts of justice, and largely by persons equipped with technical learning; and in the cases where disputes between independent Powers have been referred to arbitration, the arbitral tribunal has observed the forms and methods of judicial procedure as nearly as possible. It may be useful to point out at this time that a large proportion of the rules relate to questions of boundaries and other proprietary rights not unlike those which may arise between

*A lecture delivered in the University of Manchester.

*The American Bar Association.

individuals, or to matters of commerce and peaceful intercourse, and have nothing to do with war.

So far there is much resemblance to what we know as law in ordinary life, the law on which we consult professional lawyers and which the King's judges administer in his courts. But, on the other hand, the law of nations has no legislature and no coercive jurisdiction. If two Governments differ as to what the rule applicable to a given case is, or how it should be applied, there is no common authority superior to both parties which can impose its decision on them. And if two States, having agreed between themselves to refer their disputes or some particular dispute to arbitration, do appoint arbitrators to hear and determine a question between them, there is no superior power to see that the award is carried out. Obedience rests in the good faith of the parties themselves; it might sometimes be possible to provide special security beforehand, but I do not remember to have heard of any such example in modern history. Treaties for the settlement of present or future disputes are, in any case, binding only as agreements between the Powers who make them, and are not part of the general law of nations. Nevertheless, conventions dealing with matters of general interest have often been adopted in practice by Governments which were not parties to them, and such adoption, repeated and approved, may become an authoritative custom.

Thus the law of nations is like the law of the land in that it is formally treated as a binding rule of conduct, and is recognized as a distinct branch of political science fit to be discussed by specialists.

But it is unlike the law of the land in that the actors are not citizens, but States; there is no superior authority from whom they are bound to take

the law, whether by way of legislation or interpretation; and there is no executive officer to enforce obedience even when it has been promised. Just because of this want of a superior impartial authority, war between States cannot properly be compared to process of law between individuals, and such a comparison is a regrettable laxity of rhetoric. Bentham did not escape this common fault, nor will his authority justify it. The real analogy is to the private defence or self-help allowed in some conditions of emergency by every system of law, though the aim of modern legislation and government is to reduce it as far as may be.

During the greater part of the nineteenth century it was a prevailing opinion in England (not in Scotland or America) that by reason of the differences just mentioned international law cannot properly be called law, and that it is only an affair of moral opinion or good manners. So far as this is concerned with technical definition, the controversy is of no general interest. So far as there is any substance in it, the short answer is that Ministers and diplomatists fully recognize the existence of differences where no strict right is in dispute, resembling those which exist in private life between neighbors when they are not on the best of terms and have mutual grievances, and yet neither of them can charge the other with any breach of legal duty. Such differences are in practice dealt with quite otherwise than those which are concerned with the observance or interpretation of positive rules. In the latter kind of cases Governments have uniformly proceeded on the footing that the rule is capable of being ascertained, and binding when ascertained; in other words, they have regarded the rights of the parties as legal and the rule^{*} determining them as law.

Now when people believe they are under law, and act as if they were bound by it (however much they may differ as to what the law prescribes in the given circumstances), it is useless, and may be mischievous, to tell them that there is really no law because you have chosen to make a definition of law which excludes that class of rules. It is to be regretted that so narrow and pedantic a view, which may now be considered as obsolete, has received some support from judicial and official dicta.

This transitory and insular opinion of our schools rested on the assumption that there can be no law without a definite sanction—that is, without a constituted authority having the duty and the power of compelling observance of the law by penalties and executing the judgments of those who administer it. As a matter of fact, there may be, and have been, though it can hardly occur in modern States, elaborate and highly artificial rules declared and applied by regular courts, while those courts had no means or nothing like adequate means of enforcing their decisions. It can also be shown that as matter of fact the law of nations is considered and applied by ordinary courts of justice, and not only in time of war: I do not speak of the peculiar jurisdiction in cases of prize. The proof is too technical to enter upon here.

It may reasonably be asked, however, how far international law has been observed in fact by the sovereign Powers that professed obedience to it. To give a full and reasoned answer would need a long historical survey. But it seems that, on the whole, there was a very fair observance during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries; and we may invite those who deny it to prove, if they can, that the law of the land is invariably obeyed, or has been much better obeyed than the

law of nations, even in the most civilized countries and under the strongest Governments. We know very well that there is no jurisdiction under which offences are not committed every day, or where riot and rebellion may not occasionally defy the law for a time. We know, too, that the law of nations has never professed to restrain sovereign States from being judges in their own cause in the last resort. In the latter part of the nineteenth century it became common to refer disputes to arbitration, and at last a standing machinery for the appointment and procedure of arbitral judges was established at The Hague. Much good was done in this way, and the present state of confusion must not tempt us to forget it. But settlement of disputes under either general or particular conventions remained a purely voluntary process open to those Governments who chose to avail themselves of it. Germany, it may be observed in passing, has persistently opposed all attempts to create an effective international jurisdiction.

In short, the law of nations is a customary law reinforced by express convention at many points, but imperfect in that it lacks a positive sanction. The ultimate sanction was no more, though no less, than "the injury which inevitably follows non-conformity to public opinion," as Mr. Elihu Root said some years before the present war.* It then seemed reasonable to hope that the strength of that sanction would increase and would be fortified by the growing extent and intimacy of economic relations between civilized countries. Bitter experience has now taught us that "decent respect to the opinions of

*This and the following quotations will be found in *Addresses on International Subjects* by Elihu Root, collected and edited by Robert Bacon and James Brown Scott (Cambridge, Mass., Harvard University Press; and London, Oxford University Press, 1916), at pp. 31, 391, 419.

mankind" is not strong enough to resist the pressure of military ambition and impatient lust for power.

Mr. Root, whom I continue to quote as a prominent and specially competent citizen of the one Great Power that is still neutral, has been compelled to speak in a new strain during the last year. In the last days of 1915 he said: "The war began by a denial on the part of a very great Power that treaties are obligatory when it is no longer for the interest of either of the parties to observe them." And in April, 1916: "The principles of action upon which the war was begun involve a repudiation of every element of fundamental right upon which the law of nations rests. The right of every nation to continued existence, to independence, to exclusive jurisdiction over its own territory and equality with other nations, is denied. The right of any strong nation to destroy all those alleged rights of other nations in pursuit of what it deems to be useful for its own protection or preservation is asserted." This is a neutral summing up of the doctrine suggested at various times before the war, and now openly maintained by German authors, and apparently received with only faint and scattered marks of dissent by the German public. Well might Mr. Root add: "If this view prevails, the whole structure of modern international law will be without foundation."

Even so, it might be thought, the express conventions by which the greater part of civilized nations have undertaken, at the Peace Conferences of The Hague, to regulate war itself, would be held sacred, and respect would still be paid to the much older principles which those conventions embodied and which have, in fact, been generally recognized in modern warfare. But it is just here that German militarists have bettered the

instruction of the newest school of German professors in treating the rules with contempt. The General Staff of Berlin admits the existence of common usages in war, but destroys their value by subjecting them to the paramount claim of military necessity—a necessity which means in practice that the commanding officer thinks he can gain some military advantage by breaking the rule. It does not matter to Prussian generals whether the rule broken is one of ancient custom or has been laid down in our own time by the most explicit agreement and ratified by their own Government. Treaties and conventions in German military eyes are mere talk with, which sentimental philanthropists amuse themselves. The law of arms is hard at best; it becomes intolerable tyranny when an unlimited dispensing power is added to it.

Of the fruit which this new learning has borne I will say nothing here; from Flanders to Poland, from the Baltic to the Atlantic shores, it is notorious and fresh in all men's memory.

It must be kept in mind that the German heresy does not proceed from the arrogance of unlettered soldiers. The mischief lies far deeper. We have here a branch of the political system which deifies the State in all its activities. Because the State has no formal earthly superior, it is said that the interest of the State is a supreme reason justifying whatever the State chooses to do, and that the morality of individual human beings is in no way applicable to the corporate action of sovereign commonwealths. This opinion, rightly or wrongly ascribed to Machiavelli, is now for the first time deliberately maintained by grave and even learned writers, and put in practice with all the strength of a leading military Power. Its iniquity is, in my judgment, unaffected by the view we may take as to the righteous-

ness of war in itself or of any war in particular. Whether we hold with Bacon* that war is the natural and healthful exercise of the body politic, or condemn it with the Society of Friends, or go to Tolstoy's extreme and disallow the use of force, public or private, in resistance even to the most unlawful violence, or follow the majority in regarding war as a necessary evil, it seems that war, if it be just, is honorable only on condition of being waged in good faith, and if it be unjust the wrong is aggravated by bad faith and wilful inhumanity. The use of poison in warfare was already abhorred in the time of the Homeric poems; we have seen it revived by the German armies in the teeth of both age-long custom and solemn convention, and the Allies have been driven to a certain measure of unwilling retaliation.

And yet the Germans are always ready to charge the Allies, on any occasion they deem plausible, with breach of the very rules which they flout. This is at first sight a mystery, but it is really quite simple. The Germans deem themselves the one elect and properly civilized people, and other people do not count. Germans have rights against all the world, may assert those rights in any way they please, and may support them by any reasons that appear convenient. The rest of the world, being inferior, have no rights but such as the Germans may allow them as the reward of submission. All the consequences follow in a natural order, and the Prussian Governor of Louvain, Brussels, or Warsaw says, like Dante's devil, "You did not know I had so much logic."

Are we to say, then, that the law of nations is destroyed? Some men talk as if we were to be remitted for

an indefinite time to Hobbes's state of nature which is a state of war. That would still be better than Prussianism, for Hobbes insists on the need of keeping faith even in the state of nature. Others, less extravagant, hold that the law is in abeyance, and seem to despair of its restoration in our day. Counsels of despair are really a matter of temperament more than reason. There are men so melancholy that they will prophesy disaster in the midst of victory. Let us turn to the history of domestic law and government for more sober teaching. Laws are broken, as I have already said, every day, and at some times and places lawless violence may have a short triumph. As lately as 1780 London was at the mercy of a mob for several days, but the laws of England were not thereby repealed. Few are the English cities that have not known serious rioting at one time or another within the nineteenth century; and Hogarth's pictures in the Soane Museum, and the engravings from them which are fairly common, show better than any description what sort of peace there was at election time in an age which is praised, not without cause, as eminently reasonable; but we do not therefore cry out that England is in anarchy now, or was in Hogarth's days. We do not say that the King's peace was destroyed; we say that it was disturbed, and after the disturbance it was restored.

Very well, a doubter may reply: certainly the peace was restored after the Lord George Gordon riots, after the Bristol riots in the Reform Bill time half a century later, and after many other outbreaks. The officers of the law might be surprised and overpowered here and there, and at times had to wink at such doings as we no longer tolerate, but on the whole effectual superior power was at

*Essay: "Of the True Greatness of Kingdoms and Estates."

their disposal, and in the last resort they could call upon all lawful men to aid them. Dealing with a society of independent nations, where will you find a supernational sheriff, and what aid will you provide for him? At one time it looked as if the Pope might do the work, and indeed, if he could only have kept clear of self-interest in temporal politics, the Vatican was the best equipped Court in Europe for dealing with such problems. But that time is long past. You have, no doubt, the tribunal of The Hague. If you choose to increase its dignity you may make it, perhaps, as great and honorable a court as the Supreme Court of the United States, a court established for judgment and justice between commonwealths of which some are greater in extent than many European kingdoms,* and which remain sovereign in all things not entrusted by the Constitution to the Federal Government. Assume this to be done: it is yet to be noted that the Supreme Court at Washington is a regular court of justice, having compulsory jurisdiction and United States marshals. Where will your Hague tribunal, or anything you set up in its place, get its United States marshal?

These are serious questions and demand a serious answer. The difficulties are great and have to be faced. It may be observed in passing that in the first generation of American independence those of the Supreme Court appeared almost as great. However, the war has quickened the discussion of the international problem, to which many minds were already directed. It is now certain that the sanction of public opinion cannot be relied on, if only because it has no means of collecting its forces or acting promptly. Swift and ruthless aggression can

cover its advance with a cloud of lying pretexts till the mischief is done. Some plans have proposed nothing less than a standing mixed armament contributed by all the Powers who are willing to join in securing peace, combined with a great diminution of national armaments. For many reasons this seems very difficult to carry out at any time, and, at all events, not practicable in the near future. The solution towards which there seems to be a convergence of competent opinions, approaching general consent to the principle, is a League of Peace, within which all parties would be bound to refer their differences, according to their nature, to judicial determination or conciliation, and not to attempt to enforce their claims without judgment; and this on pain of any member so offending becoming thereby a manifest wrongdoer, being treated as an enemy by the whole League, and being restrained by whatever means of coercion should be judged appropriate and sufficient. Every member of the League would undertake to render aid in reasonable proportion to its resources and having regard to its special means and opportunities, the situation of its territory, and other determining circumstances. The members would likewise enter into a mutual covenant of assurance against attack from any Power outside the League. By provisions of this kind our ancestors established the reign of law in the Middle Ages after a period of terrible confusion and weak executive ability: namely, by the strict prohibition of self-help except at sudden need (allowing it even then only with some jealousy), and by making it the duty of all lawful men to assist in keeping the peace and bringing men of violence to justice.

Such a method is not speculative or chimerical. It is commended by practical statesmen, and has been

*This is only one branch of the jurisdiction of the Supreme Court. Its functions as a Court of Appeal do not concern us here.

admirably expounded by Mr. Taft, sometime President of the United States. Our own Government appears to favor it. The point that chiefly requires elaboration is the provision of an executive authority capable of prompt action. For it is futile to talk of the members of a League of Peace beginning to concert measures of repression when an invader is already on the march. Therefore the future League of law-abiding nations will, in my humble judgment, be furnished not only with judicial and deliberative organs, but with a permanent executive council and an expert general staff ready to assume the direction of the common power on that council's requisition. I am rather disposed to conceive the executive body as a standing committee of the larger general council; but other ways of appointing it are equally possible, and it would be idle to go into details here. This, no doubt, involves a considerable delegation of authority by sovereign States; but those who desire the end of effectual concerted action must be prepared to grant the means. We do not want to repeat the American experience of passing through a stage of ineffective and unworkable articles of confederation.

It would be rash to maintain that the existence of such a League would wholly prevent war. So long as it did not embrace the whole world its influence on outlying nations, the more as well as the less civilized, could be only indirect. But it would at least make sudden aggression and wars of surprise extremely dangerous. Fear of incurring the immediate hostility of a powerful combination should be a good working sanction in most conceivable circumstances. Neither is it to be assumed that the League would not be strong enough unless it included all the Great Powers. A majority of them, together with the

lesser States, which at present lack their proper collective weight because they are isolated, would have preponderance enough to command respect. It is necessary to state this, because the very idea of a League of Peace restraining the right to make war at discretion is wholly repugnant to the professions and policy of Germany, as manifested not only in this war, but many years earlier at the Conferences of The Hague and otherwise (though Germany did not refuse to enter into limited arbitration treaties, and had one with Great Britain); and therefore it cannot be supposed that Germany will join such a League unless and until her existing policy is reversed. For the same reason the possibility of any such plan being carried out at all depends on the victory of the Allies in the present war.

Obviously the formation of a League of Peace, from whatever quarter initiated and in whatever manner conducted, will entail the most careful adjustment of details. Assignment of due proportional weight to the several members, fixing the ratio of military and other contributions, settling the constitution of tribunals and councils, and many other matters, will have to be worked out in frank and confidential discussion. The task is great, but the object is worthy of it; and I cannot see why the statesmen of Europe and America—for I hope that the United States will have its part in the work, perhaps a leading part—should be less capable or less successful than the fathers of the first American Constitution.

Extreme pacifists may feel bound to oppose any scheme which contemplates the use of military coercion even as a remote contingency. But I believe that not a few who were formerly of that way of thinking have been converted by our present experiences.

The establishment of a League of

Peace must be accompanied or shortly followed by the constitution of a permanent organ, which might be a specially reinforced committee of the deliberative body, for the restoration and development of the written law of nations absorbing or superseding the clumsy mechanism of The Hague conferences. There need be no haste about this, nor any plenary delegation of legislative power. Results arrived at after ample consideration would be published with the reasons and laid before the constituent Governments of the League, and should become finally binding, after the manner of the provisional orders with which we

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are familiar, unless reasoned objections were notified within a limited time. No great harm would be done if some projects, like the original draft of the German Civil Code, went back for revision. Mr. Taft is the author of this excellent suggestion.

All this presupposes the making of a definitive peace between the present belligerents. The date of that event is uncertain, but I am sanguine enough to hope that in the compass of five or ten years after it those of us who are still living may see the foundations of an authentic international law, protected by organized international justice, well and truly laid.

Frederick Pollock.

A DAY AT BABYLON.

The swift Mesopotamian twilight had passed as we picked our wondering way through the broken arches and sought the places where our names appeared in fantastic imitation cuneiform upon fragments of tile from the palace wall, and the velvet blackness of the desert night was dropping its dusky folds about the slumbering ruins. In the west, the fading copper and olive of the afterglow revealed the dark silhouettes of the drooping willows by the old Euphrates, and to the east, across the level floor of Shinar's plain, a silvery segment of halo heralded the rising of the summer moon. The clear notes of a mourning dove sounded plaintively from beyond the purple mist bank that hovered above the river pool beneath the walls of Nebuchadnezzar's palace; a solitary owl hooted at regular intervals from the direction of the blurring ruins of the Tower of Babel, and out on the desert the answering calls of jackals told that these lurking gray marauders were converging to feast upon the horse which the Arab robbers had

killed in their last night's attack upon the Bagdad *arabanah*.

Soft-footed Arab servants filed in through a tottering portal and placed the soup before us, the fragrant steam from which, rising incense-like, turned to loops and coils of gold as it wound into the halos above the shades of battered brass which fended from our eyes the flickering rays of the yellow oil flames winking at the lips of the ancient stone lamps.

"Gentlemen" (our host, the distinguished German archæologist, Dr. Koldewey, did us the honor of speaking in English), "we all have good appetites from our long day in the open air; so let us, as you Americans put it, fall to at once."

Quite by coincidence, the New York moving-picture man and I had arrived at Babylon at the same time—he from the south by Nedjef and Hilla in an *arabanah*; and I from the north, by Kerbela and Hindia, on horseback—and the dinner in the recently-excavated Feast Hall of Belshazzar was in

honor—as one of our German hosts put it—of the “Anglo-Saxon invasion.” By one of the ruined portals was draped the “Made-in-Turkey” Union Jack which had been borrowed from the roof of the picture man’s *arabanah*—it is the custom for foreigners traveling in this part of the world during troublous times to keep their country’s flag in evidence, as a warning to robbers—and the center-piece was a battered stone bird discovered in a crypt beneath the Temple of Ishtar, which, though plainly intended in the first instance for a Babylonian goose couchant, was this evening—after being decorated with a red, white, and blue ruff, and tipped up at an angle of forty-five degrees—held to represent an American eagle rampant. This was the extent of the “motif Anglo-Saxon,” further decorative touches being of Babylonian, Arabian, or Teutonic inspiration. The soup, though appearing on the menu as “Potage Nimroud,” had come from a can with a French label. It had a distinctly appetizing odor, and no second injunction to fall to was necessary.

It had indeed been a day of absorbing interest. For me the crown of a magical sheaf of days which had started a week before when I rode out of Bagdad for a spell of “nomading” in the company of a single Arab dragoman, and was to end on the morrow, when we were to journey back to the City of the Kaliphs in the Hilla stage. There had been chill nights when we had shivered in our close-drawn cloaks on the benches of Arab coffee shops, or solitary Turkish *khans*; warm noons, when we had munched dates and Arab bread in the grateful shade of bowers of greenery by canal lip or desert well; a gazelle hunt, in which the dogs were borne in the pursuit in the arms of the mounted hunters until the moment of the final *coup* arrived; a banquet with a nomad sheikh of a sinister

reputation, who proudly showed us the loot of a Persian caravan he had sacked within the week; a day of hunger when devout Mohammedans had refused to sell so much as a handful of dates even to the servant of the despised *Ferenghi*; and then, in climatic succession, all within the last thirty-six hours, Kerbela, Hindia, and Babylon. And where, but in this one corner of Mesopotamia, can there be seen, within the radius of a single fifteen-mile circle, three such objects of unique and absorbing interest as these: Kerbela, the Shrine of Omar, the Mecca of the great Shiite sect of Mohammedans; Hindia, the site of the initiatory project in the greatest reclamation work of modern times, the restoration, through irrigation, of the traditional site of the Garden of Eden; and the half-uncovered ruins of Babylon, once the seat of one of the richest and most powerful of ancient empires?

“The work of the *Deutsche Orient Gesellschaft* at Babylon is the most thorough and comprehensive piece of excavation ever attempted,” the German Consul in Bagdad had told me “Heretofore all the excavation that has been done in Mesopotamia—and in other parts of the world as well—has been little more than a search for relics of a character calculated to make the best museum display. At Babylon ‘finds’ have been a secondary feature of a work the main idea of which is to uncover and draw to the last brick every standing fragment of the walls of the palaces, temples, and other buildings, until sufficient data are obtained to make possible a pictured restoration of that ancient city so exact as to rival the sketches of the architects of Nebuchadnezzar. Dr. Koldewey’s work at Babylon will undoubtedly entitle him to rank as the foremost archæologist of his generation and you should not miss the

chance to make his acquaintance and see him at work." Just at dusk, a week later, I cantered into Babylon from the desert, followed my servant past the guard of *zaptiehs* at the gate, and down a dim arcade, at the further end of which a squatting white-clad figure appeared to be in the act of feeding an illimitable mob of yowling gray cats. "Take and carry to the Master," ordered the dragoman brusquely, thrusting my letter into the hand of the squatting menial and only failing to accompany the action with the customary shove on account of the intervening wall of cats. An instant later the figure straightened up and I found myself shaking hands with the distinguished Dr. Koldeway himself. "We have been expecting you," he said genially, "and I am pleased to say that a compatriot of yours has also arrived to keep us company. Pajamas are dinner clothes at Babylon at this time of year, and dinner will be ready by the time you have bathed and shifted into yours."

Cool and comfortable, we dined in our pajamas—Dr. Koldeway, his three assistants, the Picture Man, and myself—and the talk was of Europe and America and China, of the war in Tripoli, and the little things of local life, of everything, in fact, except about ancient Babylon and the work in hand. Dr. Koldeway told of his new motor cycle and the grief to which it had brought him when he endeavored to use it in a cross-country chase after gazelles. Dr. Reuter told of their troubles with the rascally sheikh of the nearby native village, who only the day before had shot a Persian pilgrim in pure wantonness and then thrown the latter, together with the two embalmed bodies he was bearing to Kerbela for burial, into the well from which the scientists drew their water, concluding his recital

with "And by the waters of Babylon I sat down and wept," and tonight we can only offer you German beer to drink." The Picture Man told of a recent fight with Arab robbers, in which a *zaptieh* and a couple of horses were killed before the marauders were finally driven off, and I expatiated on my twenty-four hours' search for food in the streets of fanatical Kerbela. Our distinguished hosts evidently avoided shop entirely out of working hours, and it was not until the following morning, when Dr. Wetzel took me in hand for a tour of the ruins, that I felt free to ask questions.

Then I learned that the mission, which owed its inception largely to the efforts of the Emperor William, had come out to Mesopotamia in 1899, Dr. Koldeway having been in charge from the first. Work was started on a large but only slightly explored series of mounds on the old channel of the Euphrates, above Hilla, from which the brick to build the latter town had been quarried, and from which, also, much of the material for a comparatively useless barrage at Hindia had been taken by the Turks. At the time nothing definite was known as to what ruins the mounds really were, but the fact that all of the quarried bricks bore the name of Nebuchadnezzar stamped upon them in archaic cuneiform had led to the belief that the heart of the most opulent of the ancient civilizations may have beat at that point. Work had been prosecuted, as was explained to me at Bagdad, with the idea of revealing all that was hidden, and before many years had gone by not only had the identity of the ruins been established beyond question, but a series of tablets was also discovered, the translation of which cleared away the mists of doubt which have always obscured many of the

most striking events told of in the Old Testament, notably the Deluge. Other tablets turned out to be the "books" of a great Babylonian banking institution, others told of remarkable social and economic conditions hitherto unguessed, while others proved to be architectural records of such accuracy as to be of the greatest help in prosecuting further exploration. Now, after a dozen years of interrupted work (it had hitherto been the custom for archaeological missions in this part of the world to push operations only in the cool winter months) nearly all the salient objects of the Biblical and Grecian descriptions of Babylon stood revealed beyond a doubt, and as Dr. Wetzel led me here and there through the uncovered ruins he spoke of this and that feature of interest with the easy assurance of a Cook's guide in Rome or Paris.

"We know these must have been the Hanging Gardens because of the great size of the supporting pillars. Those foundations would take a New York sky-scraper, and in Nebuchadnezzar's time there could have been no reason to have built thus except to support some such a weight as the replica of a Persian mountain scene which that monarch is said to have had fashioned at the whim of a homesick favorite he had brought from Iran. The Tower of Babel, which has always been popularly identified with the great mound called Birs Nimroud, some miles to the north, we were able definitely to locate through data obtained from tablets. Such of its upper walls as existed within the mound were torn down for the bricks by the Arabs many years ago, but we have laid bare its foundations, as you see, and from the angle of its stairway have estimated its height at about 200 feet. So, while it was several times as high as the loftiest of the palaces, it must

have had more the form of a modern steel-frame fifteen-story office building than that of a tower as we ordinarily understand the latter.

Temples of Baal and of Ishtar—the latter was the Babylonian prototype of Venus—we have uncovered at a number of places, the largest being those connected with the great palaces. They are always identical in form—large outer chambers opening successively to smaller inner ones until the 'Holy' and the 'Holy of Holies' are reached—as you may see by tracing the lines of the foundations. That narrow passageway, walled off from all the chambers to which the worshippers had access, but penetrating to a recess behind the 'Holy of Holies,' is an invariable feature and has baffled us definitely to account for. The most likely theory seems to be that it was used by the priests to reach the hidden recess, from which strange sounds to mystify the worshippers were made to emanate. Possibly, even, definite oracular functions of question and reply were carried on. Tablets throwing a light on the question may be uncovered any day."

We passed along the elevated, bitumen-paved "Street of Daniel"—so called because it was the only passage giving access to the palace dungeons where the prophet was believed to have been confined, and, therefore, the one in which he must have walked to take the air—and found the Picture Man trying to put the members of one of the excavating gangs through their paces. Fresh from the soaring pillars and ornate portals of Palmyra and Baalbec, he had found in the crumbling sun-dried brick foundations of Babylon few of the outstanding features so imperative to the moving picture that is to figure in popular exhibitions, a deficiency he was endeavoring to remedy by introducing "human interest." Now

one of the laborers was supposed to be detected in the act of tucking away in his loin cloth a jewel which he had unearthed among the ruins, and, after a struggle, was led off by two hovering *zaptiehs* to punishment condign; now two of the workmen became embroiled in a quarrel, and put up a very good imitation rough-and-tumble at the foot of the statue of the man-eating lion, and now, crowning touch of all, the dignified and sedate Dr. Koldewey was made to execute a *pas seul* of triumph in front of the clicking machine in celebration of the supposed discovery of a priceless tablet. The indefatigable operator even had a scenario roughly sketched, in which I—the villain, impersonating a rival scientist disguised as a hunter—was to steal some carefully-guarded tablets which contained unguessed secrets of the past, to be betrayed by an Arab dancing girl and pursued and captured after a long chase across the desert by the hero, a trusted servant of Dr. Koldewey. Inasmuch as the finale involved, for the villain, a limp tumble from the back of a camel flying before the pursuit of the doctor's motorcycle, I was not entirely sorry that lack of time, if not of talent, prevented the playlet going even to the rehearsal stage.

One of the most interesting things incident to a tour of the ruins is to note the evidences of occupation by the long series of conquerors that followed the downfall of the Babylonian empire. This portion of the palace of Nebuchadnezzar was restored by the Medes and Persians; this open-air theatre was the work of Alexander; that line of foundations marked a Parthian temple, that was a Hittite causeway, and that restoration of the Temple of Ishtar bore Roman marks. From later Roman times the ruins must have presented a good deal of their present appearance, for there is

nothing to show that the Arabs had a city at that point even in the times of the Kaliphate of Bagdad.

But amongst all the evidences of this or that despoiler or restorer, there is one structure that has not been, and probably never will be, traced to its true origin. For the great city of Babylon—fourteen miles square within the walls which have been definitely mapped—was itself built upon the ruins of a city scarcely less extensive, and so ancient that even the records of the Babylonians themselves have so far failed to reveal its name or builders. Traces of this prehistoric capital have been found wherever excavations have gone beyond a certain depth, a level, unfortunately, at which the swift-flowing seep of the old Euphrates is also encountered. As this water level is shortly to be raised by the completion of a dam at Hindia, which will divert a good part of the flow of the main Euphrates into its old channel, there is scant likelihood that this problem, one of the most alluring ever offered to archæologists for solution, can be worked out.

Something of the fascination this riddle has held for the scientists of the German mission I realized when I stood with Dr. Wetzel at the river-front face of Nebuchadnezzar's palace, where the rounded brick pillars of a still more ancient structure may be dimly guessed through the dark water that filled the excavation and stopped the work, and heard him tell of the countless nights when, unable to sleep from thinking of it, he had paced up and down those banks and pondered upon the mystery beneath.

"Never was anything so near and yet so completely beyond reach," he said plaintively. "And the most aggravating part of the whole thing is that some of the bricks of the lower

palace are stamped with a name or legend, just as are those of Nebuchadnezzar, but in a character just different enough to baffle translation without the discovery of a 'key.' There are gray hairs in the head of every member of the mission that trace to nothing else but fruitless speculation along this one line, and especially as to the meaning of the writing on the bricks."

"How about Kipling's 'After me cometh a builder. Tell him, I, too, have known.'" I suggested.

"That's probably as near as anyone will ever come to it," he said with a sigh, as we turned to go. "And if the word archæologist could be substituted for builder, I don't know any epitaph I would prefer to have on my tombstone, especially if it was to be decreed that I was to rest out here near the scene of our labors."

Almost if not quite as great a disappointment to the members of the Babylonian mission as that occasioned by the impossibility of delving after the secrets of the buried city, came with the inauguration of the Young Turk regime of four or five years ago, when it was decreed that no antiquities of any character, no matter by whom found, should be permitted to leave Turkey. Except for a single small shipment, the priceless accumulations of the first seven or eight years of the mission's work were stored in the compound at Babylon at this time, and these, so far as the *Orient Gesellschaft* was concerned, were as completely lost as if, like some of the Layard antiquities from Nineveh many years before, they had been upset in the river. That work was never allowed to lapse for a day in spite of the fact that every foot of earth moved was for the benefit of the Turkish Government Museum at Constantinople, speaks volumes for the devotion of the Society to their unselfish purpose.

Few of the fruits of the dozen years' work of the mission have as yet been removed to Constantinople; stowed in packing cases, large and small, they are taxing the capacity of the long lines of the compound's sheds to shelter. Scant reference, save in the most casual way, was made to any of the stored antiquities, nor yet was I encouraged to linger and examine any of the "finds" of the last few days' work—strange implements, utensils, ornaments and the like—which had been washed and laid out on long tables to dry. This, Dr. Wetzel explained, half-apologetically, was because only the reports on the first few years' work of the mission had been made public. "But," he added, 'Dr. Koldewey, at our little dinner party tonight in Belshazzar's Feast Hall, will do us the honor of making his first public statement on one of the most puzzling questions upon which we have worked, 'A Scientific Accounting for the Appearance of the Writing on the Wall.' I trust it will compensate in a degree for your having to wait upon the opening of the Babylonian wing of the Constantinople museum in order to see the tangible fruits of our work here."

We ended the day with a swim in a still, cool pool of the old Euphrates, and twilight found us, refreshed and expectant, feasting within the very room where it is recorded occurred an episode so spectacular and dramatic that—fact or fiction, history or myth—it has become a byword of the ages. "Poisson Babel" had followed "Potage Nimroud," and "Pheasant Nabopolassar" had given way to "Prawns de Euphrates à la Ishtar," when our distinguished host arose and, holding aloft his goblet of "Vin Baal," proposed a toast to the memory of His Royal Highness Belshazzar, King of Babylonia.

The moon had risen as the dinner

progressed, and now its level beams, striking through a broken archway, fell full upon the trim, erect figure at the table's head, picking it out from the rest of us who sat in the half-darkness of the shadow as the spot-light selects the prima donna advancing for her song from the ruck of the chorus. The howl of a jackal answered our chorused "His Royal Highness, Belshazzar," and I felt the flick of a bat's wing on my fingers as I lifted my glass to drink the toast. A moment later and we had resumed our seats, and the Doctor was speaking from a crumbling dais at the end of the moon-shaft. I can, of course, give but a fragmentary outline of the drift of his discourse.

After tracing the manner in which he had established beyond a shadow of a doubt the fact that this particular structure had been the palace of Belshazzar, and that the room in which we were seated was the festal hall of that palace, Dr. Koldewey launched at once into the heart of his subject:—

The statement that writing appeared on the wall of this room on the occasion of a great feast which preceded the downfall of Babylonia by but a few days has come down to us from so many different sources that we have come to accept it as a fact. It is as definitely substantiated as any other specific happening of so remote a time. Now, the all-important questions to be answered are: "How did this writing come to appear where it did?" and "Did it really have the meaning which Daniel gave it?"

The Scriptures tell us that "There came forth the fingers of a man's hand, and wrote over against the candlestick upon the plaster of the wall . . . and the king saw the part of the hand that wrote."

Regarding the "moving hand," we must consider that the only evidence in support of that phenomenon was the testimony of the revelers themselves (Daniel was not present at the

time the writing appeared), and it is probable that the most of them were in a condition in which "moving hands" would have been among the least startling of the things they were seeing. As for the words themselves—"Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin"—the only equivalent which the most exhaustive of searches has enabled us to find for them has been the names of certain tools and measures that were employed by Persian builders. We know that Persians were employed in the construction of the Hanging Gardens, and it is reasonable to suppose that they, or others of the same nationality—worked upon the palace of Belshazzar. Since it is necessary to account for the presence of the writing in some way, and since the unsupported evidence of the feasters is not enough to incline one to the acceptance of its miraculous appearance at the tip of a moving finger, I am advancing the theory that the words in question were written in an idle moment by one of the Persian decorators, and that they remained unnoticed until the night of Belshazzar's historic feast. Have you not seen an intoxicated person suddenly give frenzied attention to some ordinary object, such as the silver cap on his umbrella handle, which he may have looked upon a hundred times unheedingly when sober? Thus it was, I am convinced, that the drink-shaken monarch saw the fateful writing on the wall, and demanded an instant interpretation, a task which, it is not surprising to learn, none of his fellow-revelers were equal to. When Daniel was called, what could be more natural than that he, the staunch moralist, knowing—as all must have known—of the imminent approach of the Medes and the Persians, should take the occasion to read the profligate ruler a stern lecture, tell him that he had been weighed and found wanting, and that his arrogant and wicked city was about to fall into the hands of the invaders? It cannot have been long after this that the armies of Cyrus, *King of the Persians*.

having diverted the Euphrates from its course, took the city by entering through the empty channel. Belshazzar was killed in the fighting, but Daniel, as you know, survived to attain to still greater honors under the new rulers. No, we have not thought it necessary to attempt a "scientific accounting" of the lion's den episode. We have animal tamers in our own day.

On the eve of a visitor's departure from Babylon it is the custom to bring the guest-book of the current year to his room, set pen; ink, and a bottle of German beer, before him, and leave him for the night with the warning that if a page of the book is not covered with an appropriate poem or drawing by morning he will not be allowed to go his way. Thus I found myself "imprisoned" on the night of our Belshazzar Feast, my captors, however, having granted me permission, as a special favor, to seek inspiration by conning over the accumulated versical "ransoms" of all the year since the mission began its work. It was midnight when the books, each containing a year's contributions, were brought and stacked upon my table, and the "phantom of false morning" had flickered and gone down again in the east before I had read through them all and bought my freedom by filling the designated page with a string of wretched jingles.

But what a register of famous names that little pile of roughly-bound volumes of parchment was! Lord Curzon, Sir William Willecocks, Baron Oppenheim, all appeared within a score of pages; but it is sad to record that it seemed the invariable rule that the more famous the writer the worse was the verse. Only two or three contributions were of real merit, and the lines of one of these were running in my head as I stepped out on the balcony for a breath of fresh air before going to bed.

The Contemporary Review.

LIVING AGE, VOL. V, No. 226.

Across the courtyard the white clad figure of a man was pacing slowly up and down the opposite balcony, pausing at one end of his beat to gaze vacantly out across the moon-silvered pools of the half-emptied river channel and at the other fixedly to regard the shadow-mottled ruins of the immanent palace of Nebuchadnezzar. How long he had been there I could only guess—possibly for hours—but presently, after one last look at the crumbling ruin, wearily, dejectedly, he turned and passed to his room. I did not try to discern which of my hosts it was; but I knew as well as if he had shouted it to the un pitying stars that he was thinking of the coming of the water in the ancient Euphrates and of the secrets of the city buried beneath old Babylon, that are never to be read.

"He is weary with the task Time set," I muttered to myself as I, too, turned and sought my room, and the phrase repeated itself several times in my thoughts before I recalled that it was from one of the poems I had just been reading in the guest-books. I turned it up and read it again—and then again. Unlike the other efforts, it was unsigned and undated, but I know that it was written by one who had felt the brooding spell at the end of the desert night and had himself wept by the waters of Babylon. Here it is:—

When each age, weary with the task
Time set
Of Empire-building, sinks again to
sleep,
Time's kindly hand draws o'er the
coverlet
That the tired Titan's slumbers may
be deep.
Tier upon tier, palace and banquet hall,
Towers, pinnacles, and temples front
the sky,
Witness the nations' prowess and their
fall—
Life lasts a day; at eventide we die.

Lewis R. Freeman.

DEMI-ROYAL.

BY ASHTON HILLIERS, AUTHOR OF "AS IT HAPPENED."

• CHAPTER XXVI.

FOUR YEARS ON.

(The narrative recommences in the month of October 1818. It is not known what has become of the diaries kept during the preceding four years.

This period, covering the Escape from Elba, the Hundred Days, and the Low Countries Campaign of the Allied Forces, culminating at Waterloo and the march upon, and occupation of Paris, is replete with interest.

Colonel Fanshawe bore his share of the burden of those stirring times, and we, who knew him in his honored age, are agreed that during their stress, or immediately afterward, he placed his experiences upon record.

But the Diary-Boxes in the Book Room in the New Work labeled 1815, 1816, 1817 are empty.

In a secret drawer at the back of the ink-well of the rosewood *escritoire* which he chiefly used, we recently discovered a Waterloo medal in a leathern case, two letters from the Marquess of Anglesey (signed Uxbridge), also a pencil scrawl without signature, but in the characteristic script of the Duke of Wellington.

The contents of the three MSS. are trivial, dealing with the quarters of the Blues in Bruxelles, and the communications of the British detachment at Hal.

That our relative took part in the great battle is well known, Hymus, who served him as groom and body-servant in the Low Countries, and during the advance upon Paris, and who survived into the fifties, was the source of some anecdotes.

It is surmised that Colonel Fanshawe, after committing himself to writing, grew appalled at the amount of what may be spoken of as Waterloo Literature which poured, and after the lapse of

half a century, still trickles from the press, and shrank from adding to it.

This, though regrettable, we might have borne with, but his record of the time covered by the marriage and mysterious death of the Princess Charlotte would have been a contribution to History.)

The winter of 1818-9 was stormy and wet. The land lay waterlogged, nor did "February Filldyke" mend its case.

Such weather is hard upon bad workmanship, and old, ill-drained buildings, our church at Winteringham for example, where in March 1819 the Pear Vault showed signs of falling in.

My young relatives will learn of this small calamity without undue depression, only asking in what way it affected me, for, although the chancel and the Chorley vault beneath it are my freeholds, the north aisle, and the Pear vault under it, are an appanage of the Pears, a family which presents to the rectorship alternately with ours.

As a matter of courtesy, unless there has been an unusually embittered quarrel going between the families, the Chorleys, a fighting race, have let 'em have the living, and, with three exceptions, a Pear has held the cure for two centuries, and does today.

In 1819 the incumbent was Old Tom Pear, who in his time had been the best shot, the hardest rider, and, I fear, the hardest drinker, in the County Palatine.

By the time I came into the property this jolly old soul's bolt had been shot. Crippled by gout, and the tithes of his seven livings sequestrated for debt, he lived economically in bachelor quarters in the village, his duty per-

formed by a succession of curates, of whom Mr. Smythe's tenure had been the longest and most successful.

The cost of repairing his family vault should have been defrayed by the rector, but, since he, as he assured me, had "not one dam guinea to chink against another," the work must needs be undertaken by myself. I could have appealed to the Archdeacon, but believe such action would have consigned old Tom to the Poor-house, or to one of my cottages. Moreover, archdeacons move slowly, and unless the work were put in hand forthwith, the leaning buttress would tumble outward, the roof fall in, and, failing of its wonted support o' this side, my own part of the fabric, the Chorley chancel, full of the tombs and brasses of my mother's line, would come down with a run.

As usual, I must needs put my hand in my pocket.

Cunning old Tom knew this, and chuckled, giving me a knotted forefinger, his best, to squeeze with precaution.

"Hah! Fanshawe, here ye see me, stone-broke as usual, begad! Ye must do the job yourself, me boy, and that's a fact."

I laughed and said it looked like it. Georgy's hand inside my arm twitched. The girl hates to see me imposed upon. I am used to it.

The old fellow, hunched in his go-cart, propelled by Smythe, was inside his church for the first time for seven years, as he informed us.

The relations between rector and curate were singular. Old Tom sneered at "that Smith" for his Lambeth degree, but borrowed small sums of him which he never dreamed of repaying. Smythe patiently and courteously forbore the old reprobate, going his own way, managing the parish with exquisite tact, occasionally taking long vacations "upon his unfortunate pri-

vate affairs." During these absences he inducted a substitute at his own charges.

The invalid nursed the key of his aisle in his lap, for the place was kept locked, and was separated from the rest of the building by a walled-up arcading. The only means of access to it was from my chancel through a door, wide enough for the passage of a bier, "or a go-cart, which are much of a muchness," as Old Tom observed.

The curate turned the key and stood aside, inviting us to enter. The vault was forty by fifteen, extraordinary damp and close-smelling. I had never seen it open before and looked about me with curiosity from the low-pitched stone ceiling, its groining cracked and dangerous, to the green slime upon the lettered flags underfoot. The place was a museum of quaint conceits, at the eastern end above a defaced altar, and blocking a window, Sir Bartolomaeus Pear and Dame Syntyche, his wife, knelt in breastplate and farthing-gale on opposite sides of an inscribed slab beneath a columned pediment with vases and cherubs and the Pear escutcheon atop. A troop of their progeny, fourteen by tale, diminished away behind 'em, girls in ruffs to the right, boys in ruffs to the left, joyfully expecting the last trump.

"He served his king at Worcester fight," said the rector. "But, damme, tho' I'm not the one to say it, the gem of the lot is behind ye, Squire. Come, little missy, read up!"

And Georgy, after a small start at hearing herself so addressed, turned herself and read:

TO THE PIOUS AND HEROICK
MEMORY
OF

Thomas Pear, Colonel of H.M. 15th Regt. of Foot who, after several hours' combat against overwhelming numbers of French under the Count D'Estaing, fell in the arms of victory

whilst leading his gallant regiment,
whose ammunition had failed, in the
final and successful charge at Ste. Vigie
in the Isle of Santa Lucia, West Indies.

December 18, 1778.

This well-plucked Pear, by Heaven
deemed ripe for Bliss,

A Round-Shot carried to that World
from this,

Spilling his Entrails on Saint Lucy's
Shore,

Leaving to us a Pear without a Core;
These buried there, his Limbs to Eng-
land come

Back to his family Vault preserved in
Rum.

'Twas said by those whose martial
Toils he shared

Tom Pear for Death was perfectly
prepared.

For seven and sixty Years the World
did see

No choicer Fruit upon his family Tree;
A Spirit rectified, Old Tom from on High,
Balm'd in Old Tom beholds his Mem-
bers lie,

And 'mid applauding Seraphs heaves a
Sigh.

Thus to the Brave a double Bliss is
given,

When Soul and Body share the Joys of
Heaven.

"There, little missy, what d'ye
think of that for an epitaph? Four-
teen bottles of port went in the mak-
ing on't! The old boy was my god-
father. I determined to do him honor,
for, confound me if he didn't deserve
it! I was up at Oxford when the
corpse came home, a Gentleman Com-
moner of Brazenose; and well-thought
of, begad, and a pretty fellow, tho'
I say it. So, I gave a wine to half-a-
dozen of the best wits in the 'Varsity,
set 'em going, and here ye have the
result! Sound, Protestant stuff, ye
will find it, not a word of Popery. I
wouldn't have set it up if there had
been. No!"

I caught a humorous twinkle in
Father Smythe's eye over the rector's
head. He hemmed and spoke,

"The fan-vaulting is cracked as ye
see, Squire. 'Twill need strutting
whilst the work is afoot. But the worst
mischief is to be seen outside. At
some time a vault has been excavated
beneath the underpinnings. . . ."

"He! He!" chuckled the rector.
"Old 'John Ever-Afraid' lies there:
the scoundrel of our family. He went
in fear of hell toward the last for
something especially out of the way,
and left money to lay him in the
church, but his cousin the rector
wouldn't hear of it, so they com-
promised upon half in and half out."

"And so weakened the foundations
as to let part of the north wall down
three inches," drily remarked the
curate, resuming his account of the
fabric. "You will find a settlement
when you walk round the building,
which is answerable for this subsidence
overhead. There is a fair-sized hole
among the nettles which a stray dog,
or child, for that matter, might take
his death in. . . . *Who is there. . . .*
What d'ye want." he turned to meet
approaching footsteps, a couple of
rough-looking men were in the church.

"We saw the door stand open. . . .
We only thought. . . ." began the
taller, peeping over the curate's shoul-
der into the interior of the Pear aisle
as if in search of something. He and
his mate had the bearing of bum-
bailiffs, or catchpolls.

"Yes, yes, and now that ye have
seen the inside of the church, which
is shown to visitors upon application
to the sexton, or to myself, ye can be
going, I wish you a good morning,"
said Smythe firmly. By their looks,
these strangers were after no good,
nor was their excuse reassuring.

"Beg y'r pardon, sir, but, have ye
seen a woman about?"

"Several. You must be more
particular. Who is whe? What is
she like? What is your business with
her?"

"She be an escape loonatick, sir. A female of fifty and over. A gray-haired, party, sir, tallish, but bent. How she be dressed us can't ezactly say, for us reckon she've made away with what she started in, and hev nailed clothes off some hedge, likely."

"She is not here. I know nothing of her. By the way, from what asylum did she escape?"

This the men were in no hurry to tell us. Shuffling down the nave they passed to the flags of the porch, and later came sounds of departing wheels.

"D'ye believe that story, Smith?" asked the rector, adding that for his part he did not, and that the constable had better be warned, for a brace of such ill-looking dogs might be resurrection-men.

"If their tale was good, why not have asked us to assist them?" said Georgy. "If we come across the poor thing we shall not know where to send her, nor whom to communicate with."

We had finished our survey of the interior. Smythe had pushed his rector back to his lodging, the old fellow declining to join our tour of inspection around the north side, where owing to graves and uncut weeds, the ground was impassable for his cart.

"This looks hardly safe," said Abel, who had joined us in the churchyard, and was taking the inclination of a leaning wall with a plumbline.

"And this most dangerous," we heard Georgy saying. She was peering down into a cavity among tall docks and rough herbage. "Anyone slipping into that hole would be puzzled to help himself out. . . . Someone has slipped in! . . . See, those marks? Lend me thy cane, Van Schau. Give me a hand. Don't let me go." Bending over the aperture she poked within as far as she could reach.

"There is something there. . . . There ought to be nothing there. . . . It is soft. It is alive, for I feel it

give. . . . A sheep? . . . Oooo! It has a head! . . . A gray head! . . . *It is a person!*"

The interest of the investigation had suddenly grown intense. I jerked the child back from over the mouth of the pit and put her behind me. Abel, without a word, passed to the front. Seating himself among the nettles, with a foot upon either side of the hole, he addressed whoever might be within with calmness and authority.

"Who art thou down there?—Please do not be afraid of us. We only wish thee well. . . . Thou canst not stay where thou art. . . . Better come out. . . . Let me help thee."

The tone was so reassuring there was no resisting it. After a momentary pause and some mumbling sounds, an iron-gray mat of hair showed at the opening, and beneath it a wrinkled forehead and a pair of bleared, hunted eyes looked up at us from beneath thick, grizzled brows. The face was pale, like that of a debtor in the Fleet, the cheeks hung pendulous and lined, the lips were ashen. It was a woman.

"My job," said I, straddling across one end of the hole. Abel arose and took the other end of my Malacca, luckily a stout one, the woman's lean, filthy hands, with nails like a brute's, gripped it by the middle. With a dead lift we drew her out to the waist. Beyond this we could not, for Abel is not muscular, and Father Smythe elderly and stiff.

The creature's clutch was giving, she could not release her limbs, but Georgy, capable and active, caught her about the middle as she slipped, and brought her to bank, as the colliers say.

There the wretch collapsed and lay at length between two grave-mounds, panting feebly, her eyes closed. What with dirt, emaciation and neglect she was a deplorable object.

"Who can this be?" asked Abel,

who had not met the Madhouse attendants.

Georgy with finger upon lip, tapped her forehead, not unseen by the fugitive.

"No . . . I am not mad. . . . I heard what they told you. I am the lady they are after, of course. If you will give me something to eat, and let me sleep a little, and then listen to me, you will not give me up."

Our eyes communed. We were standing at the backside of the church, overlooked by no window in the village, and within thirty yards of the wall of the Chase pierced by the private wicket used only by the church-going servants at the Lodge, Hymus and his wife.

By this route, and some dodging of my men and maids at their dinners, we four convoyed the forespent wretch to safety, and left her in the pitying hands of Mrs. Ellwood and Georgy.

For a week the ladies nursed their patient turn about, assisted by the maids of the household upon whom they enjoined secrecy. The woman was very low, and unless we had found and succored her, must have died in the pit into which she had crept to escape her pursuers.

At the week's end Georgy stood before me with illumined face.

"Van Schau, what dost thou think? She is the Gräfinn Tedder!"

I need not say that the news surprised me mightily. During the four and a half years since the attempt to kidnap my girl (or kill her, we knew not which) we had passed through the whole gamut of emotions from strong apprehension of renewed attack to almost perfect security.

That two such determined and ferocious breaches of the King's peace could take place upon main turnpikes within three days without cognizance taken by the law, had seemed impossible. But, as the weeks ran into

months, and no hue and cry had been raised, nor any judicial proceedings instituted, we had gradually accommodated ourselves to the facts.

Those Bow Street Runners had made good recoveries, and had returned to their duties suitably recompensed, leaving us with regret and thanks for good cheer and nursing. What report they made to their superiors I never heard. If investigation was made by the County Authorities of Hertfordshire and Derbyshire their inquests were not pushed so far north as Winteringham.

The times were wilder than these we live in today. Multitudes of discharged soldiers were on the road seeking work where such could be found, and bread by any means and at any cost.

Robberies with violence were of daily occurrence. Manslaughters and even murders of painful frequency. The adventures of my friends were probably attributed to footpads, and long before February 1819 the slightly irregular surfaces of the varnished coach-panels were the only evidence of the affairs.

Dawnay, now Lord Wokingham, and Captain (now Major) Chaffers looked back upon their exploit as an excellent joke, and there the business ended.

Yet Bob had let me know that what he called "the Enemy" had taken a heavy defeat and were under no illusions.

"'Twas a knock-out for Semmes. The blackguard is at Broadstairs in a bath-chair, which they say he will never leave. He got it in the back, his walking days are over, and Ernest Augustus must look out for another copper captain. Who the rest of the gang were, and what became of 'em is a point upon which little Chaffers and I cannot agree. He swears he got three; saw 'em tumble. I didn't. We shall never settle it.

"That little man is as sound as a bell. The hole in his neck closed with the first intention, which means country air, a good constitution, and no hospital!"

Which was all very well for Major Chaffers, but left matters as between the Duke of Cumberland and George Fanshawe *in statu quo ante bellum*. Would H.R.H. consent to let 'em stop at that? For a twelvemonth I awaited his move.

And took precautions. During a whole year Georgy's ridings were guarded by Hymus, whose hair-triggers were supposed to be, and possibly were, unknown to Mr. and Mrs. Ellwood. The man was my servant, carried out my orders, and kept my counsel. "We are bidden to 'Watch and pray,'" thought I. "They are doing the one; I the other."

But months ran on into years, and no fresh outrage was attempted. To what did we owe our immunity? One glimmer of light illumined the fog which bound me, and for it I have to thank Father Smythe. Bob wrote me late in 1817:

"Fitzroy Somerset* and I have learned to write left-handedly, being in the same box. Hope ye can read this.

"Prinny is treating me handsomely, giving me time to wind up with him before leaving his service, if I do leave it.

"About *l'affaire Omptèda*. You advised me to find the husband. I

couldn't. Nor is the woman troubling us now. By 'us' you must read 'me,' for my master is madder than ever for an heir since the death of the Princess Charlotte. But, failing *la Omptèda*, I know not in what direction to turn for information."

"Something has befallen the woman, or the man, or both," said Father Smythe, meditatively assisting the sit of his stocking. "Not even black-mailers and spies are immune to the common lot. It is disheartening, Fanshawe, to have the conviction forced upon me that without the evidence of that woman I am unable to prove my case. And, in all human likelihood she is dead.

"On the other hand our foe is equally at fault. Miss Georgy is no longer worth a bullet!"

This letter was received, and this conversation took place sometime in 1817. I fix it by Wokingham's reference to the demise of the Princess, and more particularly by his postscript, "Macmahon is dead at last. Poor wretch!" Now Major the Rt. Honble. John Macmahon died in 1817.

My judgment and Abel's had jumped with the curate's. For near two years we had slept in peace, and Georgy, much to her delight, had regained her independence and might ride unattended.

But with the reappearance of the Gräfinn Omptèda the fat was all in the fire again. Our dilemma is worth a fresh chapter and shall get it.

(To be continued.)

THE PERSONAL ELEMENT IN FICTION.

The rash individual who wishes for trouble, to pickle a rod for his own back, need only write a treatise on the rules of some form of art; music, painting, literature, it doesn't matter

*Now Lord Raglan.—Ed.

which. Nemesis is on the watch for such an intrepid meddler: unless he quit the world after formulating his laws he will inevitably find his rules broken and his authority derided. An Academy Professor of Music may lay

down the law of progressions or resolution of discords: Strauss writes an opera in which the law is defied. Whistler pronounces the dictum that an etching should be small: Brangwyn at once publishes plates of large size. Whitman rides roughshod over all rules of prosody.

Still, there seem to be certain laws inherent in the form chosen by the artist in words, sounds, or pigments. Is there any such law existing in the case of the novel, or can the novelist claim absolute freedom from restrictions?

There would appear to be only two methods in general use of recounting a series of imaginary events: either the writer relates in the first person or in the third. If he chooses the former method he must confine himself to those events which come to his knowledge, directly or indirectly; if he chooses the latter, he has no such restriction: the reader grants him without demur the faculty of omniscience as a necessary convention: he may relate the actions and analyze the thoughts of a man who lives and dies alone on an uninhabited island, and no one asks how he became aware of them.

The initial point to be settled by the author who sits down to write his story is which method he shall adopt. The use of the first person is fraught with traps for the unwary or the careless. Few can arrange their story to read as the narration of an individual without resorting to evasions or improbabilities. Conversations at which he was not present are supposed to be reported to him afterwards by one of the interlocutors; events are related with the saving clause "as I afterwards learned." The reader's belief in the memory of the writer is unduly strained by the reports in detail of conversations of ancient date. Let me give an example. In *Jane Eyre*

the narrator, writing as a grown woman, reports speeches of Helen Burn, pages in length, made many years previously: and almost inevitably these speeches, couched in language only an adult could command, fail to carry conviction.

However, when the narrator manages to confine his narration to events within his knowledge, and to conduct his plot in such a way that there is no intrusion of improbability, there can be little doubt that the use of the first person imparts a vivacity and semblance of truth difficult to attain by the alternative method. It has moreover the advantage of justifying—even of necessitating—inursions of the writer's personality: his opinions, his philosophy, are of aid in the comprehension of the story.

If on the other hand the author chooses to write in the third person he has privileges of a special kind, and restrictions also. He is accorded a knowledge of the psychology of all characters, the motives of their most secret actions. He becomes impersonal: he is no longer the "I" of the novel written in the first person, and to intrude his personality is an artistic fault; inasmuch as the reader cannot grant him the omniscience of the observer, and at the same time the limited capacities of the actual individual.

This position seems reasonable; but there is much to be said on the other side. The rules of an art are, after all, deductions from the practice of the masters of that art, just as the laws of grammar are based on the practice of the best writers. And it is my object to show that so far from our novelists restricting themselves to the rule laid down above, there is the greatest possible variety of practice: anarchy and not law seems the guiding principle of a vast number of English novelists.

It is not so in France. There are

many striking differences between the French and English novel, of which I will only mention two. The first is that the English novelist is far more addicted to writing in the first person than the Frenchman. This is of course only a statement in the rough: exceptions are numerous; but I do not think that anyone possessing a wide acquaintance with the literature of the two nations will contradict it. The second great difference is the one under consideration in this article: the frequency with which the English author obtrudes his personality,—the comparative rarity with which the French author does so.

The trend of the French genius towards the orderly, the logical, the artistic, has often been pointed out, in contrast to the English love of freedom and indifference to rules. Each has its special danger: the French author has a tendency to academic formality, the English to eccentricity, if not anarchy. There is no call for invidious comparison: masterpieces can be written in both styles: each nation follows the bent of its own instinct. But would not the English novel gain if without losing its special note it were to assimilate something of the French logical and artistic form?

My contention can be best supported by examples, and these are so numerous that choice is by no means easy. Fielding was the first to use the confidential aside to the reader, deliberately and extensively, warning the reader (*Tom Jones*, Chapter ii. Book I.) that "I intend to digress, through this whole history, as often as I see occasion, of which I am a better judge than any pitiful critic whatever." He further claims (Chapter i. Book II.) that "as I am, in reality, the founder of a new province in writing, so I am at liberty to make what laws I please therein."

The freedom he claims he exercises. To give one example only:

Reader, take care. I have unadvisedly led thee to the top of as high a hill as Mr. Allworthy's, and how to get thee down without breaking thy neck I do not know. However, let us e'en venture to slide down together.

The introductory chapters to each book stand on a different footing, and may be considered as a series of prefaces. Mr. Austin Dobson in his life of Fielding calls them "those delightful resting-places where, as George Eliot says, 'he seems to bring his armchair to the proscenium and chat with us'":—a practice, by the way, which is not very common in our theatres. It is interesting to note that in the French translation of *Tom Jones* these delightful resting-places were left out.

Scott (following Fielding's example) is addicted to speaking to the reader in his own person. One instance will suffice as an example of scores:

It may have happened to many of our readers, as it has done to ourselves, to be thrown by accident into society with some individual, etc. . . . When we, with that urbanity and good humor which is our principal characteristic, etc.—*Peveril of the Peak*.

It is worthy of remark that Scott, who had theories about the license of the novelist, points out that one of the main reasons of Defoe's remarkable success in giving an air of verisimilitude to his narration (*The Apparition of Mrs. Veale*) is that the writer himself remains out of sight: a dictum which he did not follow in his own work.

The practice of Scott was continued and emphasized by Thackeray. In *Vanity Fair* Thackeray gives the reader fair warning what to expect:

As we bring our characters forward, I will ask leave, as a man and a brother, not only to introduce them,

but occasionally to step down from the platform and talk about them: if they are good and kindly, to love them and shake them by the hand, etc. (Chapter viii.)

This intention he carries out fully. In chapter after chapter he chats with the reader in his own person, till he finally ends: "Come, children, let us shut up the box and the puppets, for our play is played out."

Here, then, is a case where a writer of genius deliberately elects to appear in two mutually contradictory positions. He is an invisible personality, claiming omniscience—"The novelist, who knows everything, knows this also," (Chapter xxxiii.)—and at the same time he is an actual individual, W. M. Thackeray, who meets in the flesh the people of whom he is writing:

And it was in this very town that I, the present writer of a history of which every word is true, had the pleasure to see them first, and make their acquaintance.

This anomalous position must no doubt affect uncomfortably those who are accustomed to read French "romans." But it must be freely confessed that to the ordinary reader, even to the majority of critics, such inartistic lapses do not seem worth attention. There is no allusion to it in the life of Thackeray in the "Great Writers" series; Bagehot (*Literary Studies*) is equally silent. In Anthony Trollope's *Thackeray* ("English Men of Letters") there is a mild protest: "He indulges too frequently in little confidences with individual readers, in which pretended allusions to himself are frequent." But Herbert Paul, in *The Victorian Novel* (page 127), is more outspoken:

The constant appearance of the novelist in person, the showman in charge of his puppets, is intolerable unless it be managed with consummate tact. Thackeray, of course, had tact

in perfection. He was every inch an artist, etc.

It certainly seems a pity that Mr. Paul was not content with his assertion that the intrusion of the author is intolerable. Is it true that, however tactful an author may be, his intrusion can be anything but inartistic? And I venture to suggest that Thackeray, so far from showing tact, sometimes showed a want of it. Listen to the following:

If, a few pages back, the present writer claimed the privilege of peeping into Miss Amelia Sedley's bedroom, and understanding with the omniscience of the novelist all the gentle pains and passions which were tossing upon that innocent pillow, etc. (Chapter xv.)

Naturally the omniscient novelist has the privilege he claims, but it is to be regretted that he also claims to be an actual person, and that he "peeps" into Amelia's bedroom, tacitly inviting the reader to accompany him. It seems a want not only of tact but of taste.

Although in the preface to *Pendennis* Thackeray still claims the right to "a sort of confidential talk between writer and reader," he does not take advantage of his claim to nearly the same extent as in *Vanity Fair*, and the same may be said of *The Newcomes*.

Turning to Dickens, I open *Oliver Twist* and find that the same confidential attitude between author and reader exists, but is adopted so seldom, comparatively, that the difference of method is very marked. We still have the "I" of the author, and such comments as "I wish some well-fed philosopher . . . could have seen Oliver Twist clutching at the dainty viands the dog had neglected"; there is still the same appeal to "the reader" by "the historian whose pen traces these words—trusting he knows his place"; which shows that Dickens

had no very hard-and-fast rule to guide him; but compared with his great rival his method might almost be termed severe.

One would have thought that Professors of English Literature, inclined to lay down the law as professors generally are, would be in agreement in their views and favor the purist attitude, but examination shows great diversity of opinion.

Mr. David Masson, Sir Walter Raleigh, and Mr. G. Saintsbury (all professors) have written books on the English novel. The last scarcely alluded to the matter in question. In the chapter on Fielding, speaking of the objections raised by some critics to the "address-digressions" at the beginnings of the several parts, his only remark is that they are "at least as satisfactory to some as they are unsatisfactory to others." He makes no allusion to Thackeray's abuse of a similar license. Evidently the practice does not appear to him in the light of a serious fault in technique.

Sir Walter Raleigh has more to say on the point, though his opinion is far from clear. Discussing the different ways of telling a story, he writes:

The first and more usual way is that the author should tell the story directly. He is invisible and omniscient. . . . At a slight sacrifice of dramatic force the events of the story are supplied with a chorus, and at any time that suits him the author can cast off his invisible cloak and show himself fingering the "helpless pieces of the game he plays."

Nothing could be clearer than this justification of the practice of Thackeray and others. But, on the other hand, he quotes with approval Scott's explanation of Defoe's plausible realism—namely, that the author himself remains out of sight; whilst in the case of Miss Austen he speaks almost with enthusiasm of her perfection of

technique, the result of her "artistic impersonality": pointing out that "she hardly ever, even as a narrator, speaks in her own person."

Professor Masson, in *British Novelists and Their Styles*, does not even allude to the question.

Mr. Edmund Gosse, in an article on "The Limits of Realism in Fiction," writes:

Another leading principle of the naturalists is the disinterested attitude of the narrator. He who tells the story must not act the part of Chorus, must not praise or blame, must have no favorites: in short, must not be a moralist, but an anatomist. This excellent and theoretical law has been a snare in practice:

for the reason that it leads to too great a latitude in the treatment of morals. Evidently Mr. Gosse is on the side of the purists, where it involves no question of morality.

Another able critic, Mr. Arthur Waugh, in "Reticence in Literature," seems to contradict himself:

The genius of Jane Austen is without spot or blemish. Standing, as the truest artist will always stand, outside her characters, she looks them through and through, etc. (p. 94).

Later on we read:

A realistic artist . . . is supposed to permit no shadow of his own personality to obtrude between his subject and his audience. Whether such a method would, or would not, be artistically sound, is an open question (p. 166).

But enough has been quoted to show that the critics are not in accord, even when they do not contradict themselves. Let us return to the novelists themselves.

Considering how Mr. George Moore admires the French novelists, it is with some surprise that one finds him defending the intrusion of the author, so

far at least as to justify his comments during the course of the story. In an article in the *North American Review* for May, 1900, he says that in the opinion of the "casual" writer it is the duty of the novelist

to narrate the facts, refrain from comment. . . . If the literary writer were to explain that a story cannot be written without comment, and that if it were ever done it would be as intolerable as *Bradshaw*, and that it is not the abundance or paucity of comment but the amount of intellect that finds its way into the comment that matters, etc.

However, a little later he acknowledges that Maupassant compresses his comments into "a few phrases, Flaubert perhaps into one." This seems to cut the ground from under his feet. In fact, Mr. Moore himself supplies an answer to his position; his practice differs from his theory. Take his fine story, *The Lake*: in the whole book of 334 pages the passages of comment hardly cover a page, and it is disputable whether in every case they ought not to be considered as the mental comments of Father Oliver rather than of the author. Omit them entirely and the difference would be practically negligible; and no one but Mr. Moore himself would pronounce the book thus expurgated "intolerable as *Bradshaw*."

Mr. Arnold Bennett alludes to the point but slightly in an article on "The Novel": "The average novelist is decidedly not very interested in the progress of his craft, in questions of technique." . . . The rare individual

who dreams of artistic perfection first and of popularity afterwards, and whose curiosity about technique is endless . . . will find a refuge from the insularity of English fiction in Russian, French, and Italian fiction.

But in his more recent book (*The Author's Craft*) he confesses that he

has come to "attach less and less importance to good technique." Apparently he refers chiefly to "form," and evidently condemns as inartistic the particular fault under discussion; for, speaking of Stendhal, he writes "His scorn of technique was notorious. Stendhal was capable of writing in a masterpiece 'By the way, I ought to have told you earlier that the Duchess —!'"

Mr. Bennett's argument seems to be that no amount of technique will save a writer or "atone in the slightest degree for the defects of (his) mind." But who denies it? The point at issue is whether, given two writers of equal "mind," the one with the better technique is not the better writer.

To ask the question is to answer it; for technique only means the art of using one's talent in the most effective way.

However, Mr. Bennett shows in his works a distinct leaning towards the more severe and artistic method. I have examined a couple of his books chosen at random—*Leonora* and *The Price of Love*. In the former there are two comments only which seem to proceed from the author. I give one: "There is always a despicable joy in resuscitating a lie which events have turned into a truth." There are two similar cases in *The Price of Love*. Such trifling lapses from the ideal of the purist are absolutely negligible.

But in *Leonora* Mr. Bennett does depart once from the right path, and seriously. In Chapter vii. he writes "As I approach the crises in *Leonora's* life I hesitate, fearing lest by an unfit phrase I should deprive her of your sympathies."

This sudden lapse from his usual practice is unaccountable, unless he wished to emphasize the change in his opinions.

Another eminent novelist who writes on his art is Mr. Henry James, whose

recent death must be mourned by all lovers of literature. It will cause no surprise to find that he is on the side of the purists: in fact it would be difficult to put the point in question more forcibly than he has done in an essay on Anthony Trollope in *Partial Portraits*. I wish I had space to quote the whole passage, but I must be content with a condensed version.

He (Trollope) took a suicidal satisfaction in reminding the reader that the story he was telling was only, after all, a make-believe. He habitually referred to the work in hand (in the course of that work) as a novel, and to himself as a novelist, and was fond of letting the reader know that this novelist could direct the course of events according to his pleasure. . . . "But if she had," he asks, "where would have been my novel?" . . . These little slaps at credulity . . . are deliberately inartistic. . . . It is impossible to imagine what a novelist takes himself to be, unless he regard himself as an historian and his narrative as a history. It is only as an historian that he has the smallest *locus standi* . . . he must relate events that are supposed to be real.

Mr. James again alludes to the point in "The Art of Fiction" in the same volume, where he states that for a novelist to admit that the events he relates have not really happened is "a betrayal of a sacred office . . . a terrible crime."

It is decidedly amusing to recollect that, as I have already pointed out, Trollope complains of a similar practice in the case of Thackeray.

I must, however, remark that Mr. James himself is not altogether guiltless of the collateral offense of introducing himself as writer into his story, and of addressing himself as a person to his reader. Take e.g., *The Finer Grain*. I quote but a couple of instances—not that they are frequent. On page 143 we read "and more or less its cost now, mightn't one say?" On

page 169 "for a momentary watcher—which is indeed what I can but invite the reader to become—."

I venture to think that these incursions of the author as author so far from increasing the verisimilitude of the story to some extent militate against it.

How this practice—peculiarly English—appears to French critics it will be easy to surmise. One instance must stand for all. M. Taine in his article on Thackeray (*Essais de Critique*) seems almost to throw down his pen in despair.

"Arrivée à cet endroit," he writes, "la réflexion satirique quitte la forme littéraire. . . . Thackeray vient en son propre nom attaquer le vice." He is equally emphatic when he writes "Celui qui donne au roman la satire pour objet cesse de lui donner l'art pour règle."

The critic also mentions drawbacks to the practice he condemns; for instance, the loss of vividness if the attention of the reader is called away from the story or characters in order to listen to the reflections of the author.

It is impossible to give instances of the practice of all the leading novelists, and I must content myself with mentioning a few only. Until comparatively recent times practically everyone indulged in the license of which Thackeray is the classical example; even George Eliot was no exception. To come to more modern writers, Meredith indulged in comment so freely that it is one of his characteristics. But he went much further, to an extent indeed that Mr. Henry James must have deplored. In *Evan Harrington*, for example, we find such sentences as the following not infrequently:

"Do you see why she worked her sister in this roundabout fashion?"

"Pardon me, I beg." (The author

is speaking.) "Enamored young men have these notions. . . . We must let him go his own way."

Mr. Hardy is much more directly objective, though he indulges, if rarely, in comments and even dissertations (e.g. in *The Return of the Native*, Book III. Chapter i.) In *The Mayor of Casterbridge* he seems to me to remind the reader unnecessarily of the fact that he is reading a novel written long after the events occurred. "This ancient house, now unfortunately pulled down," and many similar cases do not assist the reader but the opposite: they emphasize the artificiality of the narration. Nor does Mr. Hardy disdain the "we" of the author: "we may briefly explain how he came there," and so forth. He does not let us forget that we are only reading a novel: "These improvements are, however, somewhat in advance of the story."

It would almost seem as if Mr. Hardy, in common with many others, though feeling that the method of a Thackeray is out of date, is still unconvinced that the method is inartistic if used in moderation.

Stevenson was not only a brilliant story-teller, but a writer who thought deeply on the theory of his art: it is therefore specially interesting to examine his practice, as he does not seem to touch the point in his theoretical essays. It was not often he told his story from the objective standpoint: when he did (*Prince Otto*) he conformed to the strict canon of the purist: the "I" of the author never appears even in a disguised form, nor are there any asides to the reader. Not half a dozen lines in the book can be deemed even an impersonal comment.

Then comes a startling change. There is a bibliographical postscript in which all restrictions are abandoned. "The reader" is directly addressed:

the author explains to him how a certain episode appears "in my modest pages." Perhaps it may be pleaded that the story was ended, that the illusion the novelist tried to create ended with the last page of the story proper. Still it is curious as it stands, and seems to imply that Stevenson in common with the immense majority of his fellows had no decided views as to the point of technique involved.

Since writing the above I happened to be reading Sir Alfred Lyall's *Studies in Literature*, etc., and came across the following passage:

Fielding continually makes a halt in his narrative to moralize and discourse ironically with the reader, in a vein that was reopened a century later by Thackeray, and by him pretty well exhausted, for at any rate it has since been closed (p. 19).

This amazing statement he repeats further on, acknowledging at the same time that "such interpolations are artistically incorrect." So far from the practice being extinct, it is rampant even in recent books of living writers of distinction. Let me instance Sir James Barrie, Mr. Wells, and Mr. Conrad.

The case of Sir James Barrie is a curious one. In *Tommy and Grizel* Tommy submits to the great Pym his efforts at story writing for criticism. Pym has no doubt as to Tommy's chief fault.

"I have often noticed," you are always saying. The story has nothing to do with you. Obliterate yourself. I see that will be your stiffest job."

No better advice could be given to a tyro. But the novelist does not act up to the principles he puts into the mouth of Pym. In Chapter iv. he writes "to expose Tommy for what he was . . . is what I set out to do in this book." Later on: "A voice has been crying to me 'Take care, if you hurt him you will hurt me,' and I

know it to be the voice of Grizel. 'Don't,' she cried at every cruel word I gave him, etc." A still more marked instance is in Chapter xiv., where he addresses Elspeth ("You are not angry with me, are you, Elspeth?"), and pleads in mitigation of her being neglected: adding in an aside to the reader "That is the way to get round her." We are miles away from Pym's precept "Obliterate yourself."

Mr. Wells is equally unscrupulous in the employment of the license in question: it fact, he indulges in it to an extent that seriously interferes with the verisimilitude of his work. I take *The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman* as an example.

Almost from the start we are amongst "dear reader," "this history," "I must admit," and so forth, whilst the author freely comments in his own person. Not only that, but he addresses his reader confidentially: "She had moods—and don't we all have moods?" Moreover this practice is deliberate. "All this and more one might tell in detail . . . there is no real restraint upon a novelist resolved to be English, etc." (page 253). Again (page 383), "We have employed the inconsiderate verisimilitude of a novelist repudiating romance in his (Mr. Brumley's) portrayal. . . . We of his club and circle, a little assisted perhaps, etc."

One cannot suppose that a writer who has achieved Mr. Wells' position has not studied the technique of his art: we are forced then to the conclusion that he has adopted his attitude towards the reader intentionally. But mark the result. Mr. Brumley is stated to be personally known to the author ("we of his club and circle"), and the reader accepts the fact. But in that case how does the author manage to know the varying thoughts of Mr. Brumley as he lies awake at night,

or the details of his secret interviews with Lady Harman?

The object of these sudden lapses into familiar personal reminiscence is evident enough: the author wishes to give a touch of actuality to his narrative and increase the reader's sensation of the truth of the story. But too often the effect is exactly the opposite: an air of unreality is imparted by the very means intended to inspire conviction.

Mr. Conrad, one of the most able and striking figures in current fiction, is still more disdainful of restraint, to judge from his novel *Victory*. Part I. of the book deals with the mystery of a certain Axel Heyst: the author, speaking as "I," details various conversations and incidents in which he took part; the upshot being that Heyst is left as a puzzle, both as to history and psychology. Then with Part II. the author, the narrator, drops out, and the rest of the story is told objectively. From knowing little or nothing the writer suddenly knows everything. But neither the incidents nor the motives of the characters could possibly have become known to the narrator—the "I" of the first part of the book: in fact, no attempt is made to explain how the author came to be aware of them.

Surely this is a grave fault. Mr. Conrad cannot have it both ways: we are ready to give him our belief when he relates what happened to two people alone on a distant island, unless he destroys our belief by writing in his own person: we cannot get rid of the conviction that he could not possibly have known the facts he relates.

I freely acknowledge that this discrepancy of method, the use of two mutually exclusive techniques, does not seem to strike the critics, still less the ordinary reader. I have read a good many notices of the book, and in none is the point considered im-

portant enough to mention. The tradition of the impeccability of the author of *Vanity Fair* still holds full sway, and what Thackeray has done his successors may do without fear of being blamed.

To turn for a moment by way of contrast to the practice of French novelists. In face of the testimony of Henry James, Arnold Bennett, and George Moore to the rarity of the author's comments in the body of the story, it is scarcely necessary to labor the point, but I may state the result of my re-reading, for the purpose of this article, some few "romans" chosen at random.

In *César Birotteau* (Balzac) the reader is never addressed as such, but remarks such as "Aux yeux de certaines gens, il vaut mieux être criminel que sot" are much more frequent than I anticipated. There are also psychological disquisitions on love and so forth which are evidently the comments of the author, who, however, invariably makes them impersonally.

Zola (*Thérèse Raquin*) follows the same practice, though markedly with greater restraint. Paul Bourget is still more "objective": in *Mensonges* there are a few impersonal remarks such as "C'est une chose horrible qu'une femme jeune et belle subisse les caresses d'un homme qu'elle n'aime pas"; but even these are rare. Throughout *Le Mannequin d'Osier* of Anatole France there are but two sentences (pages 4 and 304) which can be considered as stating the opinion of the author: in *Pierre et Jean* (Loti) not a single one. Guy de Maupassant is notorious for his detached impersonal attitude: he has often been reproached for it, as has also his master Flaubert. I have not lighted on a single instance of an author's making a comment or addressing his reader in his own person except in the case of Stendhal. Of

course, I do not assert that no such instances are to be found: only that they do not exist in the works mentioned above.

But, it may be objected, it is the personal element that gives a book its value. The reader does not read a novel solely for the story but also for the way it is told: for its revelation of the mind, the temperament, through which the facts have passed.

This is perfectly true. But there need be no fear that the expression of the writer's personality will be eliminated, however strict his technique. No two authors will describe a given series of events in the same way, or give the same impression to the reader. Zola, in an eloquent passage in a chapter of *Le Roman Expérimental* ("L'expression personnelle"), points out that there is no value in a book which is merely "bien écrit," unless permeated with the personality of the writer. In fact, an author can scarcely help revealing himself unconsciously, unless he sets out with the object of deceiving the reader. But, though the personality of the author may justifiably pervade every sentence that he writes, the intrusion of his personality consciously and with intention is a very different matter. The reader no longer feels that he is contemplating facts seen from outside by a judge who is acquainted with all the motives of the characters he depicts, but that he is being given one side only by a biased advocate.

By the way, it is interesting to note that in the essay of Zola's referred to above, "L'expression personnelle," there is not the remotest allusion to the author's intrusion of himself as author into his book; presumably such a contingency never entered Zola's mind.

But—the objector may further urge—granting that the artistic unity of a novel is enhanced by the more re-

stricted method, should we not lose too much by confining a writer to its use? Those happy apothegms, those possibly "impertinent" but delightful *obiter dicta* which add so much to the pleasure of reading certain authors—is it worth while to sacrifice these personal touches for the sake of artistic impeccability? Are not these touches the very things which create the value of many novels? Can any correctness compensate for the loss of the intimacy which characterizes the work of Fielding, Thackeray, Barrie—not to name others? Cut out their asides, their confidential chats with the reader, and half the charm of the book has vanished. Art is anarchic: it insists on freedom; and, instead of refusing to recognize the writer who turns his novel into an essay or a dissertation, even into a sermon, we ought to accept his work with gratitude if he interests us, instead of depriving ourselves of a pleasure. We should take what he gives us with becoming thankfulness, instead of carping at his not having given us something different.

It would be foolish to ignore the strength of these contentions. We might even add that to abandon a convention which is peculiarly English would tend to destroy the national flavor which is a valuable concomitant of a national literature. As I started by saying, it is a dangerous thing to attempt to lay down rules for any art: to indicate the limits within which a genius may work. But not even genius can with impunity neglect the restrictions inherent in the material in which he works.

My own conclusion in the matter must be clear from what I have written. The feeling of reality is vitiated by the intrusion of the author personally in such cases as *Vanity Fair*, *The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman*, and *Victory*.

The question is not a trifling or meticulous one. When Taine can say
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that the practice involves an abandonment of "forme littéraire," when Henry James can condemn it in the terms I have quoted, it is clear that it cannot be treated as of no importance. But it must freely be granted that it is largely a question of degree.

It does not seem probable, even desirable, that the comment of the writer will ever be entirely eliminated from English fiction. But there are ways of making the comment. Suppose, for example, that one meets with the following sentence:

"When it is considered that a man is often no more free from vanity than a woman, etc."

Compare this with another way of making the comment:

"Dear reader, let me ask are you a man? If so, have you never stood in front of a mirror and said to yourself, etc.?"

Few would carp at the first example: the second, so often adopted by our novelists, it would be difficult to justify.

Of one point there can be little doubt—the tendency of the more recent novelists is in the direction of the more artistic form. Cannan, George, Mackenzie, Maxwell (to name but a few at random), either write impersonally or restrict their comments within narrow limits. There is an illuminating parallel presented by the drama. Until within the last dozen years or so the soliloquy and aside were in universal use. Now in all serious drama or comedy they are unknown. Whether we shall ever see the abandonment of the novelist's asides and soliloquies is doubtful; but without indulging in prophecy it is permissible to hope that the novelist in the future will not abuse his license so grossly as he has done in the past. And he will be wise to consider more carefully the restrictions inherent in his medium, and not hamper himself by too great a freedom—paradoxical as this may sound.

H. M. Paul.

"WHERE SHOULD THIS MUSIC BE?"*—The Tempest.*

Various prophets foresaw the Great War and foretold its advent with more or less accuracy; writers of sensational fiction foretold some of its more lurid surprises—Zeppelin raids, for instance, even Tanks; but nobody not even Mr. H. G. Wells, ever conceived so improbable and fantastically sensible a notion as that the vast armies encamped in France should be officially accompanied and chaperoned by an elaborate extension of the Young Men's Christian Association, and that a Ladies' Auxiliary Committee of that peaceful and estimable organization would be called upon to supply a clamoring army of some millions of men with concerts; concerts—not music-hall entertainments nor revue nor musical comedy—but simple, good, and extremely decorous concerts. If, say five years ago, some peculiarly bold Cassandra had predicted the work of the "Concerts at the Front" organization, the incredulity of both the Army and the Y. M. C. A. would probably have been crushing. Yet since February 1915 some thousands of concerts have been given in France, Malta, and Egypt to many hundreds of thousands of men, and the supply will have to be kept up until the end of the war, because the demand is irresistible.

It is difficult to make people over here realize what music means out at the Front, because the conditions out at the Front surpass imagination. Before August 1914 there was a glamour about war: there was romance in the word—horror, of course, and terror—but there was picturesqueness and color. But the reality of modern warfare is indescribable, because the very words we have to describe it with are wrong. The

word "battlefield" has a traditional glamour, but the picture it paints is wrong. A modern battlefield is an ashpit—miles and miles of an abomination of desolation—the bare earth charred and pounded and poisoned, swept bare of every growing thing, the air vibrating with the infernal nerve-shattering din and roar of high explosives and heavy artillery. Take a few million men of all classes straight out of ordinary civilized life: deprive them of every mortal thing they have been accustomed to: cut them off from every single pleasure and possibility of pleasure, every comfort, from books, possessions—leave them absolutely and literally nothing but the clothes they wear and the rations they eat, and those men will come out of the trenches grateful for the sense of being above ground on the open road, and for a momentary respite from shell fire, and just mentally starving for something to change the current of their thoughts—something normal and happy and different, something beautiful.

The popular journalism and literature the war is producing dwells on the cheerfulness of the men, which is right, because the cheerfulness of the men is the most wonderful thing in the world. I have been out four times in the last two years. I have seen drafts of men leave the camps to go "up the line" when munitions were short and when the men knew they were short, and knew exactly what that shortness meant to them. They went off with a smile—not a smile of laughter—but a genial, serious, good-tempered smile. And I've seen them come back in long, long ambulance trains, shattered, but still smiling. They are entirely indomitable; but if

they were not, after all, human men, their cheerfulness would not be simple heroism but simple insensibility; and it is their very human side, and their very human need of sympathy, and their gratitude for very simple human pleasures, that is so intensely touching.

The organization of our armies, improvised in a hurry, is the most wonderful organization in the world. Munitions, food, clothing, hospital stores, everything the army needs is poured out at the front by the A. S. C. and transport services as easily as a conjurer produces yards of ribbon from some one else's hat. But there are three things which our wonderful machine does not supply, and without which apparently our men cannot settle down happily—some sort of garden, some sort (any sort!) of dog, and some sort of music. Our men will make a garden anywhere, in defiance of all the rules in all the gardening books. The gardens at the camps out in France are the most touching gardens in the world. Some of them are quite beautiful, and the flowers seem to be as anxious to thrive under apparently impossible conditions as are the gardeners. At one place I saw sweet peas flourishing luxuriantly in soil that appeared to consist entirely of soot and cinders. But where the conditions are impossible for even the kindest, hardiest flowers, the men "make believe" with stones and bits of glass. They collect white stones, paint them different colors, and arrange them in beautiful patterns, or, out of bits of broken glass from different colored bottles, make their regimental crest on the ground where a garden won't grow; and even sometimes where it will, for man's love of decorations is not limited to those supplied by Mother Nature.

Then every camp seems to have a dog, and the camp dog generally

comes to the concert, and, of course, on to the little platform, where he trots about like a somewhat distraught stage-manager, and gets a round of applause from his audience, who like to see him personally superintending the performance. I have friendly recollections of more than one bored and puzzled little dog sitting at my feet, while I recited, obviously marveling what we were all doing, and why we were doing it, gazing at the audience with mystified eyes that asked what pleasure could possibly be derived from such strange proceedings, and very relieved when they were over.

But the British soldier knows he wants some sort of music even before he has realized he wants a garden and a dog. If he can't have music he must have some sort of cheerful noise, or a noise that will pass for cheerful, even if it be a gramophone or a mouth-organ. We once came across a "band" a lonely detachment of motor-drivers had improvised, with cardboard megaphones doing duty as trombones, and an empty petrol tin for a drum. It seems that any privation or hardship is borne more cheerfully than the deprivation of amusement, and that the British army can stand anything except being bored. The men don't exactly quote Shakespeare's—

Sweet recreation barred, what doth ensue

But moody and dull melancholy,
Kinsman to grim and comfortless
despair;

And at her heels a huge infectious
troop

Of pale distemperatures and foes to
life?

but they will wait hours in the bitterest wind and rain and sleet to get into a concert; they'll miss their principal square meal rather than miss a performance; and one boy in a hospital said quite placidly, "It's

worth having a foot off to hear a show like this." When a hut is crowded out the men will stand nine deep outside to hear what they can through the doors and windows.

We play to all sorts and conditions of men,—the men of half creation—men from the uttermost ends of the empire—all classes, all creeds, all branches of the army: the men of the A.S.C. and transport services working like galley-slaves day after day, month after month, and year after year at the bakeries, the forage-camps, docks, the motor-transport centers, veterinary camps, railway sidings; the men of all the different brigades and contingents in training, now on the eve of their departure for the "line," then on their return, when they are resting after months in the trenches, sometimes right up behind the trenches under shell fire (but the firing-line parties consist of men only), and the sick and wounded in the many hospitals, and it is very difficult to say which audiences are most moving. Sometimes a concert is given to two hundred wounded men in beds wheeled up round the stage, with the convalescent cases behind them; two hours later our audience may be 1500 or nearly 2000 men in a great hangar or shed or cinema hall, or a larger audience still when we are in Rouen or Havre, and can play in the big theaters there.

When the concerts were started, we determined that whatever was sent out should be good of its kind: this rule has been adhered to, and there has been no temptation to lower the standard, because the men not only like what is good, but prefer it, and wherever we have gone we have found a real love of what is simple and beautiful. We vary the program as much as possible, giving classical music, selections from opera, glees, trios, and concertos, the old

ballads and folk-songs, as well as popular rag-times and modern chorus-songs. A "Concert Party" generally consists of a soprano, contralto, bass, tenor, violinist or 'cellist, pianist and accompanist, and often a ventriloquist or conjurer, or some one to recite. In fact, the entertainment given is a mixture of a ballad concert, a recital, and a children's party. When we take plays we give tragedy, comedy, and farce at the same performance; it is a classical recipe and a sound one.

At first we set forth, if not exactly with trepidation, with a little uncertainty, for we were out to amuse our audiences and not to bore them: we need not have hesitated. In those early days a Colonel in charge of a certain camp where we were to give a concert warned me that the men—dockers recruited mainly from the East End of London—were a "rough lot." However, when we found that this particular audience were a little late in filling the hut because they had all insisted upon washing first, and moreover, when they evinced a decided preference for Bach, our apprehensions vanished for ever. And this autumn, by way of celebrating Shakespeare's tercentenary and the centenary of Sheridan, I took out a small dramatic company with a repertoire of "Macbeth," "The School for Scandal," as well as "The Twelve Pound Look," "In the Fog," and "The Bathroom Door," lent us by their respective authors.

Our little company of strolling players and musicians is limited in numbers because of the difficulties of getting transported from place to place; we aim at giving three performances a day, working the hospitals in the afternoons and the camps in the evenings, and have often twenty-five miles to motor from one performance to another. We play anywhere,

generally in the Y. M. C. A. huts, but in hangars and warehouses and sheds, by the roadside, in open fields, in barns. We gave "The School for Scandal" in a wood, with half our audience on the grass, the other half dangerously overcrowding the branches of the nearest trees; "Macbeth" in a great hangar, with army blankets for the walls of the banquet-hall and a sugar-box for the throne.

On our return to England one newspaper, referring to the conditions under which we had given plays, remarked that we were "not overpowered by stage scenery." We certainly were not; we managed very well without any at all. Red Cross screens in hospitals and army blankets everywhere else answered the purpose. Occasionally we found scenery that the men had made themselves, and very well they had made it. At one place the stage was provided with one of the best backcloths I have ever seen, and it was with regret we had to cover it up when it didn't happen to suit our plays.

"Macbeth" was an enormous success. It was chosen because it is the one play of Shakespeare's where the tragedy can be given in a few scenes with five characters. And what a marvelous tragedy it is!—so swift and inevitable—its appeal so simple and direct. Its reception was wonderful. We gave it to vast audiences; they listened breathlessly in absolute silence, and then cheered and cheered and cheered. Men who had been in many battles since August 1914 were thrilled with horror over the murder of Duncan, which impressed them as being far more terrible than any of their own experiences.

There never were such audiences in the world before—so keen, so appreciative, so grateful. They are far quicker than any ordinary theatre audiences. They seized every point

in both classical and modern plays, and they had a point of their own in "The Twelve Pound Look" of which no theatre audience nor Sir James Barrie ever dreamed. There is a moment when the heroine says to her former husband, who is arguing with her, "Yes, you were a moral man, and chatty—and quite the philanthropist." It puzzled me to find those words invariably brought down the house, and the point had to be explained to me. It seems that up in the firing line, where the "minor horrors of war" are not to be exterminated, "chatty" is the army's latest word for "verminous"—hence the roar of delight that greeted my line when the audience was from the trenches.

The memories carried away from those audiences of thousands of men in khaki get blurred into one vast impression of a sea of faces, alert, intelligent, full of magnetism and sympathy and imagination; but there are many things that stand out clearly from unforgettable scenes: the cheers or war-cry of the South Africans, for instance. I have heard cheers from the men of every Dominion, but the South Africans have a wonderful way of their own. One man calls and the others answer; the peculiar cry and the mighty shout are repeated three times, and when it is done by an audience of about 700 men, as I heard it, the very ground shakes. I was told that the men only do it when they feel like it; it is spontaneous and not done to order.

Then there are memories of little incidents that are so significant and human. One lad came up in the dark and said he wished to give me a "souvenir," and pressed a button off his tunic into my hand; he said it was months since he had seen a lady, much less heard one speak. Another boy, straight from the trenches, tried to tell me that the music had "brought him

back to life again," and then he broke down and cried.

For the laughter, the interest, and the music is more than mere "amusement" to those armies of men. One chaplain from the other side of the world came up after one of the performances and said: "I am a Puritan, with a Puritan's view of the theatre—and you know what a deep prejudice that is,—but I cannot tell you how grateful I am that my boys should have this hour of happiness; you don't know what it means to us." And when he tried to tell me what it did mean there were tears in his eyes. A tremendous barrier had evidently gone down when he could speak from his heart in praise of drama and music.

At home, in peace time, music is so often a mere accompaniment to something else in life—conversation or a meal. Drama is so generally overloaded with stage effects and pomp and circumstances that its primitive elements are extinguished. Artists were "unproductive workers," to use the language of bygone philosophers,—

Blackwood's Magazine.

those strange people who created a science of political economy divorced from ethics, demanded a religion devoid of mystery, and named the chaotically unreasonable result "Rationalism."

But out there—where life and death are stark realities, where life is swept bare of all artificialities and death is abroad, visible and undisguised—there, music, the straightest road to the unseen world of spiritual beauty, fulfils more than its tangible function of cheering up the men, although that is "a work of great military value," to quote the words of a distinguished doctor after a concert in a rest camp: it is more than food for their spirits, hungry for loneliness after the abnormal hideous experience of weariness or pain and tension. Music ministers with magical results to minds distressed and overtaxed. It is comfort, refreshment, and a fire from heaven destroying the seeds of despondent thoughts or moods that dullness, pain, or loneliness can sow "in the most gallant hearts, for "Where music is there can no ill thing be."

Lena Ashwell.

IN REST.

"Anybody awake?" said Second Lieutenant Smith in low tones, and in immediate reply there came a simultaneous "Yes" from two blanketed bundles lying along the wall on the stone floor of the farmhouse kitchen. Smith freed his shoulders of the blanket and rose on his elbow, but, struck at once by the chill dampness of the air, sank back and snuggled down luxuriously in the warm "flea-bag." "Isn't this gorgeous?" he exclaimed. "No need to get up, nothing special to do when we are up, and nothing to prevent us going to bed again as early as we like."

"Funny thing is," said Walker, another subaltern, "that when we have a chance like this to sleep as late as we like, we're all wide awake."

The Captain, the third man on the floor, laughed. "It was nothing but a few hens clucking that woke me," he said. "That's queer, too, when you remember how sound we sleep as a rule through the devil's own row the guns make."

"Of course," said Walker, with sudden understanding. "That's what seems so unnatural. I couldn't think what made everything so different. It's waking up and not hearing a

sound of guns. How many months is it since we've done that?"

"August," said Smith reflectively. "September, October, November, and this is December—somewhere round four months, I suppose."

"Not much wonder we miss 'em," said the Captain and reached out a hand to the tunic spread over the foot of his blankets and fumbled a cigarette case out of the pocket. He lit a cigarette and wriggled the blankets up round his shoulders again. "Um-m-m," he murmured. "This is fine, isn't it," and "Ripping," "Top-hole," agreed the others cordially.

There came a cautious knock at the door and on the shouted command "Come in" one of the *batmen* looked in. "Just wanted to see if any of you were awake, sir," he said. "No need to disturb you if you wasn't." He vanished abruptly, but next minute returned bearing three steaming bowls.

"Tea," said Smith, delightedly sniffing at the bowl set beside him on the floor. "Tea" chorused the other two. "Thanks," "Brilliant idea, Johnson."

"Don't tell me, Johnson, *don't* tell me there's fresh milk in it."

"There is, sir," said Johnson, with obvious pride in the announcement. "And there's fresh milk for breakfast. I got near a pint of it this mornin'."

"Fresh milk—and I heard hens clucking this morning. Johnson, I b'lieve you're going to tell me there'll be eggs for breakfast," said Walker.

"No, sir," said Johnson, regretfully. "Not this morning. But I might manage to get some in a day or two. Hens don't lay much in this weather, sir."

"And I don't blame the hens," put in the Captain. "Seems to me nothing but a duck or a fish gets any encouragement to carry on business in this country. Suppose it's still raining, Johnson? But it is. I can hear it."

"Personally," said Walker, "I don't care if it does rain. Makes it all the jollier knowing you haven't to go out in it and swim up a flooded trench to an Observation Station."

"It's only seven o'clock," said Smith, looking at his wrist watch. "I'm going to go to sleep again for an hour. Not that I want it, but just for the satisfaction of being able to do it."

"I'm going to lie awake and gloat over not having to get up," said the Captain. "It's too precious a feeling to waste in sleep."

"We'll have the same every morning for some weeks with any luck," said Walker.

"Tea in bed—fresh milk—a dry roof over us—a possibility of eggs—for days and days and days. If I'm dreaming it all please don't waken me for a bit," pleaded Smith.

"Luxury—bloated, bulgin' luxury," murmured Walker.

At any other time and place "luxury" would have been about the last word to apply to the quarters they occupied. Three of them slept with nothing but a canvas valise and a blanket between them and the cold stone floor; their room was the stone and mud-walled living-room and kitchen of a farmhouse, with a tiny little stove about the size and shape of a porridge pot and a stove-pipe leading up into a yawning chimney. Down the chimney, through a gaping void under the ill-hung door, by cracks in the plank ceiling and crevices round the badly fitted window, damp and icy draughts came and went continually; in a corner of the room stood a stone sink, with an iron pump rising through the floor beside it and its long handle projecting into the room; the surplus water which, pumped vigorously, splashed out of the sink and down into a wide pool on the floor, meandered round and finally made an exit through a hole in the wall near the

pump foot—a hole which also provided an entrance for another stream of cold wind; the furniture was of the roughest description, a heavy wooden table, a couple of chairs and a number of deal ration boxes for seats; the floor was fouled with clods of mud mixed with manure and dirty straw carried in by heavy-booted feet entering from the farmyard outside the door; and across the room from the one entrance door to another leading to a further room ran a wet and mud-tramped passage where the farm people, men and women, moved to and fro. A true description of the room would simply have been that it was a dirty, cold, damp, squalid, ill-furnished and utterly comfortless hovel. Yet the three men lying on the stone floor had no faintest intention of being sarcastic when they spoke of comfort or "luxury." After all these terms are merely a matter of comparison, and the three were making their comparison with other dwelling places in trenches and dug-outs, and with the shell-smashed billets they had inhabited for months past. Outside the door footsteps tramped and kicked energetically for a minute, the door flung open, and a rubber-booted, mackintoshed figure stamped in.

"Hullo, not up yet; and getting on for eight o'clock," shouted the newcomer. "Rouse ye, rouse, my merry, merry men," he caroled at the pitch of his voice.

"Shut up, Blinker. Go'n see a doctor about it if it's bad enough to make you scream in agony like that," said Smith. "But don't come bawling in here disturbing people in the middle of the night."

"Selfish animal," said Walker, sitting up and hugging his knees. "Just because he has to get up for morning stables he can't let anyone else enjoy five minutes' peaceful slumber. But just wait, my Blinker. My turn to be

up tomorrow, and see how long I leave you to sleep."

"Your turn tomorrow, and Smiffums next day," said Blinker joyfully. "Two whole mornings I lie in bed until eight o'clock," and again burst into song: "Oh let us be joyful; joyful, jo-oyful, jo-hoy-ful!" until his *batman* arrived with a pail of cold and a mugful of hot water. Blinker threw off his streaming mackintosh and tossed it into a corner, pulled off his "coat warm British" and clad in gum boots, breeches and vest, proceeded to shave. The other two emerged reluctantly from their blankets and began shivering to hurry into their clothes. Walker stripped to the waist was beginning to wash in a canvas bucket, Smith in his pants and one sock was negotiating the first leg of his breeches when the door opened unceremoniously and a young woman walked in and, taking no more notice of them than to drop a brief "*B'jour, messieurs*," went to the corner and pumped up a pailful of water, lifted it and walked out.

"I say," ejaculated Walker faintly. "That's a bit—eh what."

"Ra-ther," said Smith, who had subsided hurriedly and endeavored to hide his unclothed legs under the blanket.

"Bless you, my children, that's all right," said Blinker cheerfully. "They don't seem to mind it, so why should we?"

"I dunno why," returned Smith.

"But fact remains I do. Johnson, just lock that door till I get my breeches on at least. No lock? Well, stand with your back against the door a minute"; and while Johnson stood sentry he hastily pulled on some clothes. Blinker chuckled through his soap-suds. "You were too sound asleep to know it," he said, "but the whole blessed family, includin' grandmother, mother, and daughters ranging from thirty down

to about thirteen-year-old, have been promenadin' to and fro through this blessed room since long before day-break."

"Well as you say, Blinker, if they don't mind, why should we?" said the Captain and continued his washing.

While they finished dressing the room was converted from a bedroom to a breakfast room by the simple process of rolling up the blankets and the valises together against the wall, and laying the breakfast table with an old newspaper for tablecloth and cups and plates of enameled iron.

The Major came along from another room, a cupboard-sized room he had secured as a sleeping place. Smiling and apparently well content with the world he rubbed his hands and looked cheerfully round the dreary room. "Morning all," he said in reply to their salutations. "Yes, I slept well—except that I kept waking all the morning and wondering what was the matter. Found it was the unearthly quiet that disturbed me—not hearing the guns rumbling, y'know."

"I noticed the same thing," said the Captain. "But what I notice more is the blessed relief of being away from the sound of shells going over the roof, and the chance of one coming through at any minute."

"Bit chilly in here, isn't it?" said the Major. "What about a fire?"

"No coal or wood to be had, sir," said the *batman* who was bringing in the breakfast. "People here are very hard up for any sort of fuel, sir, and can't spare any. They say they've hardly enough for their own cooking."

"We'll see today if the Quartermaster can't raise some," said the Captain.

"I found a big wash-tub the farm people have," said Blinker. "Just the thing for a bath. If we can find some fuel we can start a series of hot baths all round."

"Hot bath," said the Major gloatingly. "And get into slacks after it and sit over a blazing fire. Sounds pretty good."

"Some of us might ride into — this afternoon, sir," said Smith, "and see if we can do some shopping. I have heard that it's possible to buy a bottle of whisky there."

"By all means," said the Major. "Try for some meat, too—we're still on a half ration of frozen meat, half bully beef, y'know—and any sort of fresh green vegetables would be a Godsend."

After breakfast they all dawdled in delightful laziness over a smoke, and then the subalterns went off to look round the lines. The Captain accompanied Blinker and they picked a way through the dirty farmyard, down a muddy lane, and into a field where the horses were tied in long lines. There was no picking a way over the field and through the horse lines. They simply had to plough through the ankle-deep mud into which the soft ground had already been churned. The horses stood dejectedly with drooped heads and with the driving rain running in rivulets off them, or moved restlessly, lipping over the wet ground in vain search for a blade of grass or a dropped grain of corn.

"They look pretty tucked up," said the Captain critically. "And this field will be knee deep in liquid mud in about a couple of days. I'm going to hunt round and see if I can't find some sort of cover to get them under."

The Sergeant Major joined them, but shook his head in answer to the Captain's suggestion. "No chance of cover for horses, I'm afraid, sir," he said. "As a matter of fact there's little enough cover for the men; and some of the barns they're in have been leaking so badly the men preferred to move out and put up any sort of

bivouacs they could. You see where they've pitched them in the lee of the hedge there."

The Captain walked over with him to inspect the "bivvies." They were the flimsiest of shelters built with waterproof groundsheets and bits of sacking spread over rough frameworks of branches and twigs. The Captain looked at them doubtfully.

"Poor sort of shelter," he commented, and spoke to a couple of the Gunners squatted inside one shack. "That's pretty mucky, isn't it, Potts? Aren't you better off in the barn? No, don't come out; stay where you are."

"We'd rather be 'ere, sir," said Potts cheerfully. "It isn't too bad, an' it's a little drier an' a lot warmer than the barn. We was near froze last night. An' there's no rats 'ere. The barn's fair movin' wi' them."

"I can't see that you're drier there," said the Captain, still very doubtfully. "At least you have dry ground under you in the barn."

"We got some twigs under us 'ere, sir," said the other man, hitching himself aside so that the Captain could see. "Our ground-sheets is on the roof but we 'ave our mackintoshes under us. An' sleepin' together with our two blankets over we're all *teek*."

The Captain fidgeted a little longer, but finally gave in and left the men in their "bivvies." The little affair, the manner of his judgment and the acceptance of it reminded one of nothing so much as a somewhat fussy mother giving her children permission to play some game where she feared they might get their feet wet. He carried on with the mothering performance for an hour longer, inspecting the men's barns and directing them how to attempt a stoppage of the roof leakages, holding an anxious conference with the Sergeant Major and Quartermaster Sergeant on the

possibilities of rigging up a wagon cover to hold water, of the cooks heating up water to give the men baths in turn, of the provision of fuel for the fires; bargaining with the women of near-by cottages over the prices at which they would undertake to wash the men's underclothing; walking round the horses with the section officers and advising on treatment of galls, of this horse to be left off any work for a few days, of that one to get an extra handful of corn.

Then he left the lines and ploughed off through the mud back to the farmhouse billet whistling softly and contentedly to himself over a good morning's work and the pleasurable results that should accrue to all concerned.

"Get those baths going first minute you can," had been his final word. "The men must want 'em pretty bad."

"They do so, sir," agreed the Sergeant Major. "And it's hard to say whether it's us or our clothes that want it worst. The battery's just fair lousy, sir, and that's the only word for it."

"Small wonder," said the Captain. "Well, get the baths going and give 'em all the washing they want as long as we're out on rest."

Arriving back at the billet he found a small but very cheerful wood fire crackling in the tiny stove.

"Hullo, Johnson, where did you manage to forage the wood?" he demanded, and Johnson explained glibly that it was just a little bit he had "picked up."

"Picked up," repeated the Captain suspiciously. "Not any of those big hop-poles out of the fields, I hope."

John on assured him that no hop-pole had been touched. "Though I admit, sir, it does seem 'ard seein' all them poles about, an' we mustn't take one, even a broke one, though we

'aven't a splinter of fire an' might be freez'n' to death."

"Maybe," said the Captain. "But you heard the orders given to the troops about taking any wood, and especially about touching fences or hop-poles. And if the Officers' Mess breaks the rule the men can't be expected to keep it. So don't try coming the old soldier over it or there'll be trouble."

The door flung open with a bang and the three junior officers bundled in.

"Have you heard . . . isn't it great . . . couldn't believe it . . . true enough though. . . . What luck, what toppin' . . ." they rattled excitedly.

"Here, here, what's all the *tamasha*? Heard what? What luck? One at a time, please."

"Leave," exploded Blinker.

"Yes, leave . . . leave to England," chorused the other two, and between them showered fragments of excited explanation and comment on the listener, while Blinker chanted joyfully:

Oh Indi-a-a's a beautiful land, bee-
yewtiful land to view
Over the rail of the *Jumna's* stern,
above the bumping screw,
While a Lascar hand on the fo'e's'll
head howls "Hum deekty hai,"
And we're out'ard bound for Blighty
till our leaves roll by.

"Oh, shut up, Blinker," shouted the Captain. "What are you fellows gas-sing about? Who's going on leave? Who said anything about——"

"Let me tell him," said Blinker. "Lemme break the glad tidings. Listen, *mon capitaine*—we're all goin' on leave—all going in turn—the Division's goin'—forty-eight whole hours in England—forty-eight crowded hours of joyful life in blessed old Blighty. Two officers per Battery—the Adjutant just told us—that'll be you and the Major for first turn. . . . And, by the way, where's the Major?"

On inquiry it was found that the Major had gone to Headquarters billets a mile away, called by an orderly with an urgent message half an hour since.

"Of course," said Blinker. "Sent for to be told to bundle and go. 'An' we're out'ard bound for Blighty. . . . All right, all right. I won't sing if you don't like it."

"It's true enough, Skipper," said Smith. "Forty-eight hours' leave to England. You heard, of course, that some of the other Divisions started leaves a week or two ago."

"Heard all sorts of yarns about it," admitted the Captain. "But I thought it was on special application—'urgent private affairs' sort of thing."

"Not so, dear one," said Blinker. "All officers and so many n.c.o.'s and men through the Division. Oh, Lord, think of it. London for forty-eight hours! How many hot baths d'you suppose a man can get into forty-eight hours?"

"Does it mean forty-eight hours from the time we leave here, or from the time we land?" said the Captain, abandoning all further disbelief.

That started an argument, and for half an hour they wrangled and laughed and talked, and laid minute and exact plans and divisions of the leave hours, and discussed what theatres they would go to, and at what restaurants they would eat, what they would have for breakfast, lunch, and dinner.

"Only thing that worries me," said Blinker, "is whether to spend the whole forty-eight hours in a beautiful soft bed with white sheets on it, or to stop awake the whole time and get every minute I can eating and drinking and bathing and taking every pretty girl I know out to teas and things. 'Tisn't long enough, y'know. We should have two forty-eight hours—zzez—one to sleep through, and one to enjoy."

"Hog," said Smith. "Never satisfied. Whoever heard of leaves home from a war before? You'll be wanting reg'lar week-ends home next."

"Here's the Major," said Blinker. "He'll tell us all about it. Pray Heaven it's a full forty-eight——"

But their chatter and their beaming smiles died away as the Major walked in and looked round them with a deadly serious face. "He hasn't heard," said Blinker suddenly. "Great news, sir. The Adjutant just told us . . ."

"I know," said the Major. "About home leaves. But that is off. I've just seen the General, and we're going into action again . . . at once. One or two batteries badly knocked out up there and we're wanted to lend a hand. We'll be attached to another Division for a few weeks."

There was silence for a minute. "Few weeks," said the Captain. "That means the Division's rest will be over—and we'll miss our turn, I suppose."

"I'm afraid so," said the Major slowly. "The General said it would probably mean that. I found all the other Battery Commanders with him when I got there. He only wanted one Battery, and left it to us to volunteer or draw lots. As we're the senior Battery I had first choice . . . and I volunteered." He glanced round the four faces and waited a moment to give them the chance to speak, or—what would be equally significant—be silent.

The Captain backed him swiftly, as
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a good second-in-command knowing a good commander should. "Of course," he said, "after all, we *are* the senior Battery."

And the others without even waiting for him to finish speaking echoed his "Of course" emphatically. "Glad you didn't toss for it, sir," said Blinker sturdily. "Awful chowse it would have been if one of the others had snapped the job from under our noses."

"I might have tossed," said the Major quietly, but with a prideful glint in his eye, "if I hadn't thought you'd all have felt the same about it as myself."

That afternoon the Battery moved out from its camp and rumbled and squelehed down the muddy lane on to the muddy main road. At the turn, mired already to its middle and muffled to its wet ears, it waited a minute for a crawling convoy to move clear, and the gunners of one of the other batteries camped there moved to the roadside and offered sympathy and frank commiseration. "Missin' your turn to leave too," said one. "Perishin' 'ard luck that is."

The driver he addressed screwed sideways in his saddle and spoke loftily, "Leaves! There might be leaves again any time. But it isn't every day there's a chance to get an extry bar to our medals that not another Battery in the Division 'll 'ave. We thought o' that, y'see——" (he raised his voice to a nicely clear carrying pitch) "We thought o' that, when *we* volunteered for the job."

Boyd Cable.

A CYCLE OF THEOLOGY.

Jowett, in replying to some of his pupils who had urged him to republish certain of his sermons, remarked that though the truths of theology were spoken of as eternal, they were in

fact continually changing in form. Possibly this fact is part of the disciplinary dispensation which, while it makes men, or the vast majority of men, feel assured by intuition that

there is a God, causes them to search continually for fresh permutations of words capable of expressing and defining their feeling. Professor Gwatkin has hinted in writing that he preferred the warring of the creeds to the possible alternative of the dignified slumber of Catholicity. Similarly it may be that theology is perpetually alive because there can be no finality in its definitions. The intellectual curiosity of man ministers to his spiritual alertness. No theology, no theistic philosophy, can be written off the books of the human mind as that dull thing—a settled problem. After all, it is inevitable that theological expression should never rest satisfied. It is not and cannot be exact. It is an attempt to define superhuman things in human terms. It deals with one set of conditions in the language of another. At best it can offer but an approximation to exactitude. Theology is framed in metaphor or simile. One may well pause and wonder, on remembering this fact, that men should have denounced one another to the death for failing to appreciate one another's metaphors. Yet it was well in an evolutionary sense; light and direction came out of bitter struggles. The heretics were as often as not in intention enthusiastic partisans of orthodoxy. Anxious to correct a noxious tendency, they emphasized and re-emphasized some balancing and correcting dogma till they over-emphasized it and fell into a new heterodoxy. They sailed so far East that they came West. So the struggle for spiritually satisfying expression has continued, and will continue.

A fortnight ago, in reviewing Mr. H. G. Wells's book on the war, we commented on the explorations of his war-harassed hero in the field of theology, and his ultimate contentment with his conception of a God acting under self-imposed limitations. It is

a conception which relieves the human mind of much familiar embarrassment and misgiving. The man who accepts it can no longer be troubled by the scandalous paradox, as it seems to some minds, that a God of merey allows wars to be waged and the flower of the highest nations to be butchered. He is no longer painfully puzzled at the spectacle of the lower animals preying on one another, so that many seem to be born only to be instantly massacred. He can see without denying Divine mercifulness a cat torturing a dying mouse. He would not share the spiritual *débâcle* of the man whose faith crashed down at the moment when he came upon thousands of dead fish in a desert lake which had dried up in a prolonged drought. He could hear the details of a Messina earthquake without feeling that profound human pity impinged upon his sense of the propriety of the universe. But all this luxury of deliberated insensibility may be bought after all at too high a price. It points the way to a dualistic conception of the universe which was always the outcome of reducing the authority and the power of the Deity. Or else it may thrust God so far away from humanity that sympathetic comprehension becomes impossible. What, however, satisfies Mr. Wells's hero, and perhaps Mr. Wells himself, is an old stage in the cycle of theological thought. The wheel never ceases to turn, and the revolutions bring us back to conceptions which may be furbished up with new phrases, but are substantially the same as those long ago considered and replaced. We have mentioned the pitiful spectacles of our evolutionary world, and it was precisely the distressing sights and experiences in human and animal life which caused J. S. Mill to propound the theory, since repeated in substance, and

perhaps without knowledge of the coincidence of motive, by Mr. Wells. Mill's views were stated in his posthumously published *Three Essays on Religion*. In his *Logic*, of course, he always preferred the Method of Difference to the Method of Agreement as alone providing a perfect inductive proof. But relying on the second-best method, which was the only one available in the circumstances, he found a strong probability that a Divine Will was responsible for creation, although a Will working within definitely imposed limits. His conclusion was in effect that which Kant reached by his argument of Design in the universe.

Man can understand evil being introduced into the world for his testing, but his bewilderment at what seems to be the discredit of evil attaching itself to the Divine operations has been the impulse behind a whole series of theological theories. The Gnostics took refuge in their belief in a dualistic world in which the good God was not responsible for the evil, but was only a superior Power continually combating it. Hence the conception of the Deity having, as it were, fallen into the material world which He animated but had not wholly cleansed. Hence the theory of the independent emanations from the Deity, more or less hostile to the good. The seven emanations usually accepted no doubt represented the Sun and Moon and five planets, and thus linked the creed with its Iranian origins. Out of the dualistic principle flow all the ideas of a Demiurge, or inferior creator, partly evil, and all the amazing and fantastic demonology of the Manichaeans. One of the symbols of revolt against the too heavy price paid for the explanations or excuses of dualism is pantheism, which by identifying the Creator with creation sweeps away dualism at one

blow. But a higher price still is then paid. The Deity is deprived of all personality, and no practical sense remains in which humanity may enter into any relation with Him. The old Stoic idea of a dynamic pantheism, which is really the highest concession anything describable as pantheism can make, has rightly been regarded as a chilling creed for all its elements of nobility.

In the eighteenth century the wheel turned in England to Deism, which allowed God in some sense a personality and discarded dualism, but which thrust the Almighty away to an indefinitely remote distance. He was imagined as apart from the world and all its concerns—responsible for creation, but not concerned in the conduct of created things. The motive of this freezing conception was not unlike Mill's; scientific research seemed to these men to have exacted excuses for God. But on the whole Christians have tortured their minds less about definitions of the Deity than the followers of any religion in the world. They have been given a Pattern, and they have not asked for a philosophical explanation. In following the Pattern they have found their doubts dissolved, as the Founder of Christianity intended that they should be. For them the Empiricism, the Intuitionism, and the Idealism of the theological philosophers are intellectual exercises and no more; they are all merged and swallowed up in the absolutely convincing rewards of an active spiritual obedience.

We confess that a large part of our purpose in making this dip into the vicissitudes of theology is to give ourselves the pleasure of quoting a passage from Pope's *Dunciad*, in which he reviewed some tendencies of theology in an astonishingly brilliant series of verbal hits. Many of our readers, we are sure, will be strangers

to the passage. To appreciate its verbal felicity they may remember that according to Idealism every proof of the existence of God is *a priori*, just as according to Empiricism every proof is *a posteriori*. True, when Pope wrote the language of the theological philosophers had not yet emerged in the forms with which we are most familiar, and Kant had not yet made *a priori* and *a posteriori* indispensable terms of theistic controversy. Nor had the time come for Kant to popularize his theory of mechanical causation. But Pope's words for that reason seem only the more penetrating and prophetic:—

Be that my task (replies a gloomy Clerk,
Sworn foe to myst'ry, yet divinely dark;
Whose pious hope aspires to see the day
When moral evidence shall quite decay,
And damns implicit faith, and holy lies;
Prompt to impose, and fond to dogmatize):
Let others creep by timid steps, and slow,
On plain Experience lay foundations low,
By common sense to common knowledge bred,
And last, to Nature's Cause thro' Nature led.
All-seeing in thy mists, we want no guide,
Mother of Arrogance, and source of pride!
We nobly take the high *priori* road,
And reason downward, till we doubt of God:
Make Nature still encroach upon his plan,
And shove him off as far as e'er we can:
Thrust some Mechanic Cause into his place,
Or bind in Matter, or diffuse in Space:
Or, at one bound o'erleaping all his laws,

Make God man's image; man, the final Cause:

Find Virtue local, all Relation scorn,
See all in self, and but for self be born:
Of nought so certain as our Reason still,

Of nought so doubtful as of Soul and Will.

O hide the God still more! and make us see

Such as Lucretius drew, a God like thee:

Wrapt up in self, a God without a thought,

Regardless of our merit or default.

Or that bright image to our fancy draw,

Which Theocles in rapture vision saw,

While thro' poetic scenes the Genius roves,

Or wanders wild in academic groves;
That Nature our society adores,

Where Tindal dictates, and Silenus snores!

We know of nothing so happy in its bending of theological controversy to the purposes of verse, though there is a fine kindred instance in Dryden's Ode to Mrs. Anne Killigrew, where the poet's mind plays round the theories of Traducianism (Tertullian's idea that each soul is newly generated from another soul at the moment of birth) and perhaps of the transmigration of souls:—

If by Traduction came thy Mind,

Our Wonder is the less to find

A Soul so charming from a Stock so good;

Thy Father was transfus'd into thy Blood:

So wert thou born into the tuneful strain,

(An early, rich, and inexhausted Vein.)

But if thy Præ-existing Soul
Was form'd, at first, with Myriads

more,

It did through all the Mighty Poets roul

Who Greek or Latine Laurels wore,
And was that Sappho last, which once
it was before.

If so, then cease thy flight, *O Heav'n-born Mind!*
 Thou hast no *Dross* to purge from thy
 Rich Ore:
 Nor can thy Soul a fairer Mansion find
 Than was the *Beauteous* Frame she
 left behind:
 Return, to fill or mend the Quire of
 thy Celestial kind.

Wordsworth's words, "But trailing
 clouds of glory do we come From
 The Spectator."

God, who is our home," might place him among the Creatianists who, in opposition to the Traducianists, maintained that God creates a soul for each new body. But other passages in the glorious ode on the "Intimations of Immortality" certainly suggest a previous existence of the soul freshly implanted in a human body, and this is scarcely reconcilable with Creatianism.

THE CLOCK GOES BACK.

Though woman is supposed to be tied to the wheel of a less enviable lot, tradition says that man need be only as old as he feels. When the good things of present bad days are collected, the mass will not be small, and one of the good things will be the rejuvenescence of myriads of individuals who were sinking lymphatically towards extreme age. Since the species is composed of individuals, that must necessarily mean the rejuvenescence of the race. The maiden of nineteen stands with reluctant feet, where the brook and river meet; the man, or shall we say the lad of forty-one, is on the brink of a further confluence, and knows that it is of little use to be reluctant. Then comes a preposterous hope, and to our amazement the promise of at least a spasm of wild new boy's life is fulfilled. The quatuor-genarian skips and runs and leaps with the juveniles, and finds to his amazement that he was not a back number.

If the new life lasts even a short time, two years, six months, we would almost say a week, it amounts to so large a re-climbing of the hill that it would, in the least case, be a thing to be greatly glad of. Many can testify that the miracle can go even further than the Act of Parliament or Order

pretends to take it. These are the shameless ones, who lop off as much as a decade from the false verdict of Time, and brazen it out with the sergeant and doctor (willing to be deceived) that they, too, are called to the pool whose troublesome angel is Mars. Every one of them is right and Parliament is wrong in supposing that the whole gamut of human life can be classed by one tape-measure. The under-fed, under-breathed, never-exercised factory worker may be too old at forty-two, as he was too old, perhaps, at thirty-two, and a hard case at twenty-two. But another man, who exercised the finer muscles round the age of adolescence, and who has been privileged to breathe the air of mountains and walk well upon the hills in regular annual holidays, can, as it has just been discovered, go back to the weapons he once forged, brighten them up, and be better off than the rusted youth who is, for all his youth, an old dog trying to learn new tricks.

It stands. The former volunteer, if he drilled long ago, has a few things to unlearn, as the man who drills for the first time has many habits to undo. Drill is not complete till the response of the soldier to the word of command is instinctive, spontaneous, reflex. The pre-Haldane recruit offers now and

then a striking example of that. Though he has not been drilled for thirty years his response to the command, "Stand at ease" is precisely the opposite of that which the sergeant of today looks for, because long ago that is how he learned it. The unlearning of that little detail is his hardest task. Thereafter he builds up his pyramid of squad, section, platoon, battalion procedure far more rapidly than younger, untrained men. At physical drill he unlocks old treasures, brushes the rust from them, and seems to get on as fast as any. The incredulity of the youngsters as to the expediency of calling up such antediluvians imperceptibly subsides, and the bald-headed recruit is accepted on his merits. There is a cosmopolitanism of age as there is one of race. A soldier is a soldier according to his deeds, and not according to his antecedents. That is the rule of the rank and file, at any rate, and if there are countries where officers are viewed from a different standpoint, there will not long be such among the hierarchy of fighting nations.

From fifty to twenty is a big step. In rare cases circumstances help to an even larger miracle. The recruit goes up to headquarters in the same old town that witnessed his schooldays. After school (or drill) he rushes off to the same old duck shop where the same old dainties offer the same old lure, and are consumed by a dyspeptic of last month with the same old impunity. He walks the old downland

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walk where on Sunday afternoons (it is Sunday now) he attended roll-call and walked "in crocodile." The far, deep view of the river delights him more than ever, and he finds to his surprise, that it is, indeed, one of the finest views in the world. So many of our childish memories are dispelled by the later proof that this brave exception adds to the wonderful alchemy that has already done so much.

He goes to church, and hopefully looks among the choir boys for the sons of old school-fellows. There is our old *vis-à-vis* in a celebrated fight. That little angel has the unsymmetric eyebrows that our old desk-neighbor had, and another delights us by turning to a fellow-cherub with a look that says, "See this and do it if you can," then ruffles the scalp to and fro like a door-mat sea. Yes, he must be the son of one who long ago convulsed us all by doing the very same thing. But stay. Arithmetic tells us that he must be the grandson. Bother arithmetic. He is old Reeve himself, and it is the recruit to whom he should have addressed that provokingly superior look, and that provokingly unique performance. If the recruit could catch his eye he would retaliate by twitching his left eye like a dog. That is the reply he always made to old Reeve. But the boy is a fool like the rest, and conceives the recruit to be an old foggy. He is not an old foggy, but a babe new born, and Mars is his progenitor.

AT LAST!

The war has brought many changes of custom and condition, but none is so likely to influence national history as the method adopted in the choice of members of the new Government. For the first time the heads of depart-

ments of State have been selected because of their particular knowledge, and experience, and not on account of political needs and exigencies. It has been assumed hitherto that a member of the party in power may

become in turn the President of the Board of Trade, Board of Agriculture, Board of Education, and of as many other departments as political circumstances may require, without possessing any special qualifications to deal with the affairs of a single one of them. A new principle has, however, now been introduced; and the Government formed by Mr. Lloyd George consists mostly of men who know instead of men who had to be given appointments because of their political claims. The whole nation welcomes this first endeavor to reconstruct on a scientific basis its politics, its statesmanship, its commerce, its education, and its civil and industrial administration. It has been fashionable in political circles to distrust the man who has made it his business to know, and to assume that he must be kept under control by official administrators; but we hope the appointments to offices in the new Government signify that this view has now gone forever, and has been superseded by the one in which national use is made of the most capable men.

The constitution of the Government evolved under war conditions by Mr. Lloyd George has, in Wordsworthian phrase, so far as the future of education is concerned, "brought hope with it and forward-looking thoughts," and, in any event, has set an example which it is to be hoped may be followed in later appointments. For the first time in the history of the Board of Education a man has been selected for its leader and inspirer entirely apart from political prejudices or ambitions, and without the idea that the position is to be regarded as simply a convenient resting-place for a time in view of some other political office of greater importance, if there be such. Like most of the other offices in the new Ministry, a choice has been made on purely business principles with

the sole view of securing for the office the most capable administrator, who will bring not only undivided energies to its effective discharge, but formative and stimulating ideas, high intelligence, learning, and rare gifts of exposition in the written word and in speech.

The appointment of Dr. H. A. L. Fisher, Vice-Chancellor of the University of Sheffield, to the Presidency of the Board of Education will receive the heartiest welcome from friends of education of every grade. It is particularly welcome at the present crisis, when the feeling is rife in all spheres of educational thought that there is need for a complete reform in our methods of education and in the importance assigned to certain subjects. Dr. Fisher comes to the responsible post to which he is assigned from the center of the industrial life of England, where he has been in close touch with men of affairs with whom the application of science to industrial needs is of paramount importance. He brings, too, a breadth of mind and a keen interest in all democratic movements, especially those concerned with social and economic questions. As a teacher of high repute he will not fail of sympathy with those who are charged with the due training of the youth of the nation in all branches of education. He has already been engaged in important public inquiries, for he was a member of important Commissions, as, for example, that which visited India four years ago to inquire into Indian administration and the conditions of the Public Services. Dr. Fisher has great problems to face and solve, since to be really effective he must break with old traditions which have held the nation hide-bound for many generations. There is, however, reason to believe that he appreciates fully the gravity of the task, and that he has not lightly entered upon it. He brings to its

solution a free and liberal mind and an undivided and abiding interest, and it is to be hoped that all parties will unite in giving him the most loyal support.

The lessons of the war have brought home to the English people as never before the need for drastic changes in our educational policy, and we therefore look forward with a confident hope that the new appointment will be abundantly justified in its results and form a precedent for future guidance.

The new Government includes a number of other men who know the "business" with which they have been entrusted. The national needs of the moment are a complete organization of production, a stringent regulation of, and economy in, consumption, a thorough efficiency of transport, all focused with the fierce concentration of purpose of an entirely roused people upon one aim, the winning of the war. All these needs have led the Government of the country away from the somewhat arid academic debatableness of the rostrum into the arena of business life, where things are done, and done with efficiency and dispatch. Hence the nation welcomes the application of the sound principle that men with the "business sense," the intangible ability or intuition which results from a lifetime passed in a successful business environment, should control the national effort. Mr. Lloyd George, as a practical man, has disposed of the superstition that a man of first-class ability in one department of human affairs is equally capable in other realms of activity.

The appointments made to the Board of Agriculture will give the greatest satisfaction to agriculturists. Mr. R. E. Prothero, who becomes President of the Board, has a unique knowledge of his subject, both on the scientific and the practical sides. His

historical studies have thrown much light on the development of the subject, and shown how the present agricultural position arose, and his experience in connection with the Bedford estates has given him admirable opportunities for learning what is possible under present conditions. Capt. Bathurst, who will probably be Parliamentary Secretary to the Board, is well known as a landowner who has made improvements on his own estate and encouraged others to do the same. He has himself worked a small holding so as to acquire that first-hand knowledge which cannot be won in any other way but by direct contact with the things themselves. If matters have not gone too far, Mr. Prothero and Capt. Bathurst ought, between them, to be able to put the food problem on a sound foundation. They start with the good wishes and the confidence of the agricultural community.

The appointment of business men like Sir Albert Stanley to the Board of Trade, and Lord Rhondda to the Local Government Board, carries on the same admirable principle of selection. The supreme example lies not only in the new offices, the Controllerships of Food and Shipping and the Ministry of Labor, but in the choice of the men to fill these posts. Lord Devonport, who becomes Food Controller, is familiar, as the chairman of the Port of London Authority, not only with the magnitude of the traffic of the greatest port in the world, but also with the intricacy of the details of the greatest food-importing agency of all time; roughly, half our total food supplies are imported, and the major portion of these imports pass through the London Docks. Sir Joseph Maclay, Shipping Controller, started business as a clerk, and is now one of the largest private shipowners in the country; he has

that "sense of the sea" which is the despair of the landmen and the most notable human result of our insular situation. Sir Alfred Mond, First Commissioner of Works, is another excellent appointment; and Dr. Addison, to whom belongs the chief credit for the successful establishment of the Ministry of Munitions, rightly carries on the work of Minister of that department. Even in the case of what have been called the "strictly political appointments," the same principle has been at work; Mr. Hodge, the Minister of Labor, and Mr. Barnes, the Pensions Minister, bring to their labors the *flair* which Nature.

comes from a lifelong association with the material, *i.e.*, the working-man, with which they have to deal. In such fashion the Prime Minister has chosen his colleagues, and with the small War Council and his own abundant energy he promises that relentless, thorough, and efficient concentration on the winning of the war for which we, as a people, have been pining for many months. In the long run, democratic government is, by consent of the governed, and the new rulers of Britain will embark upon their mighty effort with the willing consent of the people of this country and of the Empire.

DEARER NEWSPAPERS, AND SMALLER.

All over the world, a few years ago, people concerned with the production of newspapers were, apparently, coming to believe that in one important matter their destiny was sealed. The news of the day in all countries would be purveyed at a unitary price. Some power or powers, it was assumed, had fixed the halfpenny, with its innumerable equivalents, as the coin which represented the market value of the daily paper. Useless to deny this economic truth, or to struggle against the force implied in it; the solemn threepenny, the superior penny, would alike have to submit. The cent was the money-power of the century. And, for a time, the evidence of the tendency accumulated. In Paris you could buy some of the most entertaining newspapers in the world for five centimes. In America, one after another, the great dailies capitulated to the one-cent demand, the movement having continued until the other day, when the *New York Herald* came down. Even in India, where the traditional price of an English

daily was four annas (4d.), it appeared not unlikely that the general reduction would not cease before the half-anna had been reached. As for ourselves in England, we were familiar with the more or less confident prediction that the penny *Times* of the spring before the war was merely a pause before complete surrender to the multitude. As a matter of fact, the later predictions were not well-informed and did not come from the inside. Managers and publishers knew that the great problem of production was the "loss on circulation." Paper might never again be as cheap as Fleet Street would like to be, and newspaper proprietors could not go on indefinitely giving more paper and ink than the halfpenny, or even the penny, would pay for. That we have been able in the past to buy more than a pennyworth for a penny has, of course, been due to the advertisements. The general public does not realize that what it gets, economically speaking, is an advertisement sheet with the news thrown in. But, with paper dearer, even advertisements may be

unprofitable if your circulation is immense; and you have to cut down in size or go up in price.

The penny *Times* furnished the illustration to which the knowing ones most constantly referred, and, naturally enough, it is the *Times* which, making a kind of historic virtue of necessity, has taken the lead in meeting, by a change of price, the new conditions created by the war, conditions determined by the shortage of paper and the rising cost of production. The historic virtue is claimed and expounded as we should have anticipated. The value of the *Times* as a national record, it is suggested, does not alter; but the price fluctuates with the national revenue and expenditure. At the opening of the nineteenth century it was sixpence-halfpenny, after Waterloo it was sevenpence; in 1836 it fell to fivepence, and with the repeal of the so-called taxes on knowledge (1855-61) to fourpence and threepence. At threepence it stayed, despite the American invasion and the distressing episode of the *Encyclopædia*, for just over half-a-century, until a brief interval at twopence preluded the drop to a penny, and, as the world agreed in thinking, the consummation of the breach with the old tradition by which, however we choose to qualify it, the *Times* had been established as the one genuinely national organ in the world. In announcing and defending the latest alteration the management implies its suspicion that three-halfpence is not an acceptable English price, and it is justified in so doing. No one will be surprised if, by the new year, the *Times* should either be raised to twopence or else drastically cut down in bulk to make the penny possible once more.

Since few daily papers in these times are making a profit, and most are running at a loss, what is to hap-

pen to those which cannot manipulate the price with the air of a Chancellor of the Exchequer framing his war taxation? Well, we may be pretty sure that the penny papers will not, as a body, make trial of three-halfpence, but it is likely enough that the war will bring the halfpenny paper to an end for a while. The practical difficulty, in point of fact, arises largely through the English habit of treating the newspaper as a casual item of expenditure. To most individuals and most households in the country it is as regular and necessary as breakfast or the post; but if the public had learned so to regard it, we should not have had the urgent appeals in every paper to replace the practice of casual purchase by a regular order to the news-agent. Newspaper "returns" are a nuisance in every way: they mean a great waste of labor, both in production and in the processes of recovery and disposal. All newspaper people grumble about them, but it would take a good deal of courage to refuse to accept them. One obvious remedy of the present anarchy and waste is the encouragement of annual or seasonal subscription, by which means it would be a simple matter for the papers now selling at a penny to overcome the popular prejudice against an odd halfpenny or farthing.

But, after all, the great problem of war-time is the supply of material; and whatever the newspaper proprietors may do about the price, they will still be confronted with the necessity of reducing space. How are they going to do it? By throwing out almost everything except war news? By unloading those slabs of tabular matter, the presence of which is a perpetual puzzle to the mass of readers who have no special financial or official interests? By refusing those engaging pictures and descriptions of

bald pates and bad legs, or those exhilarating methods of sharpening your faculties and trebling your income, and so turning fortunes from the advertisement manager's office? Well, we shall see; in fact, we are seeing. To me it appears more than a little odd that these many months of harsh and embarrassing experience should have had so little effect upon the conductors of daily newspapers—in both the editorial and managerial departments. At two things, for instance, one marvels continually: the reckless waste of space among the headlines, and the maintenance—without alteration—of the big display advertisements. Even if plenty of advertisements are still obtainable, some balance has to be struck between the space given to advertisements and that occupied by other matter, for the public will not buy a paper for the advertisements alone. I submit that when a paper is, by hard necessity, reduced from ten or twelve pages to six, with a probable further reduction to four, there is nothing for it but revolution. The old plan has to be scrapped, and the thing thought out and re-made anew. An American publicity manager, for example, would not for a moment consider the possibility of losing revenue from trade advertisements; he would play for more. He would take for granted, and rightly, that the smaller the space available the more effective the advertisement could be made. His conception of page, half-page, quarter-page, would be completely changed. He would have every advertisement composed afresh, with a care for economy in the daily sheet no less severe than he is accustomed to use for the smallest page he has to handle.

It will be, however, to most of us much more interesting to watch the evolution of the news and literary

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pages of the restricted newspaper. The first thing that most managing editors will think of cutting out is purely literary matter, essays and articles about new books. Many of them, in fact, have thrown that kind of thing overboard, to a large extent, already; rather unwisely, in some cases. But they really might save a good deal of space if they began to present the news of the day concisely. Our descriptive and editorial writers ought long ago to have learned compression. In practice, the newer methods of reporting have aimed rather at frills than at the presentation of the essentials. The frills, we may take it, will go. We shall all study words as a necessary branch of national economy; and it is conceivable that a fancy impression of the day's event may be as remote from us next year as would be the twenty-three columns of unbroken type, with the single headline, in which the *Manchester Guardian* reported the speech of Disraeli at the Free Trade Hall forty-four years ago. Froude, as editor of *Frazer's Magazine*, in the mid-nineteenth century, had a maxim for his contributors: "The sailor's rule for grog—three-quarters spirit, and all the water you add spoils it," which is not far from the right thing. Froude, to be sure, added something of his own, which, though characteristic, is not of universal application: "The closer you pack the farther you can go. And you will be the more effective if you are vicious in the same proportion as you are short." That might do for Victorian England; it certainly won't do for us in war-time, though some among us have been of the contrary opinion. When peace returns, perhaps, there may be less excuse for the Froudean condensation. Let us hope there will be none for the Froudean viciousness.

R.

THE IRREGULAR READER.

(A writer in *The Westminster Gazette* recalls the protest of John Hill Burton, the Scots historian, against regular courses of reading, his belief being that better results were attained by the simultaneous study of serious and entertaining authors.)

An eminent author, while earnestly
pleading
For all that could fruitfully widen
our range,
Denounces a course of continuous
reading
And favors the plan of precipitous
change;
Recommending, *e. g.*, as a means of
digesting
Great Gibbon's profuse and vol-
uminous tomes,
Concurrent perusal of Byron's
arresting
Don Juan, the gayest of pomes.

Though my wits are not great—they
incline to be muddy—
They jump with the wits of this
eminent man,
For I've always endeavored to lighten
the study
Of solid and strenuous works by his
plan;
And even at school, when preparing
my *Cæsar*
I found I could seldom or never say
no,
When that arduous author had set me a
teaser,
To the lure of the stories of Poe.

The course that from youth I've con-
sistently followed
Cannot be commended to every
mind,
For the strange sort of sandwich I've
frequently swallowed
Might possibly jar on the ultra
refined;

For instance, some people who like
bread and stilton
Would shy in disgust at the head of
a sheep;
And to alternate Marie Corelli and
Milton
Is a step that is rather too steep.
Still there's much to be said for re-
solving to take on
The lurid along with the sober and
sane,
For I never thought more of the Es-
says of Bacon
Than when I concurrently studied
Hall Caine;
And there's no better method to test
the assertions
Of those who pronounce Mrs. Gaskell
effete
Than that of conducting alternate
excursions
To *Cranford* and *Sinister Street*.

So again when I listen to critics who
starkly
Declare that Sir Walter and Dickens
are "rot,"
I "synthesize" Boz with the good Mrs.
Barclay,
The bountiful Baroness Orczy with
Scott;
Still I think that the spiciest *olla
podrida*,
The most temerarious mental mixed
grill
I ever consumed was the passion of
Ouida
Combined with the Logic of Mill.

The sedulous student, intent on pe-
rusing
One book at a time with the fewest
of stops,
Is patently blind to the value of
choosing
A method allowing of changes and
chops;

Let him hold; an he will, that it's al-
ways essential
To march to the goal by a uniform
way;
Punch.

I prefer to advance by the method
tangential
Of mixing the grave with the
gay.

PRESIDENT WILSON'S NOTE.

President Wilson's note has caused not only a great deal more hostile feeling than he expected, but very much more than it need have caused. Trained and experienced diplomatists with a natural as well as an acquired gift for international diagnosis may say that it was not tactful to launch such a document at a time when people were obviously much too excited to take things calmly and quietly, and when the turn of a phrase might throw whole nations into a frenzy of suspicion. But apart from a certain inexpediency in time and place and manner, there is nothing in the Note to cause either indignation or alarm. In the first place, the peoples and Governments of the Allies ought to have remembered that President Wilson has no power, and obviously makes no claim to any power, to intervene in or to stop the war, or to make the combatants accept his or anybody else's terms. After all, as far as the diplomatic world is concerned it is a world of free speech. Any Government is free to ask any question of any other Power or Powers. Such Power or Powers are also of course equally free not to answer the question put to them if they judge it injurious or inconvenient to do so. Again, if they think silence seems rude and unfriendly, they can answer the question in one of the many ways in which questions are put off—i.e., by giving a general rather than a specific reply, or, as the Germans were quick to see, by repeating their proposal for a Conference. While all these courses are

obviously open to the Allies there is nothing to complain of in President Wilson's action. No doubt it would have been otherwise if he had put his question in the form of an ultimatum, and had told the various Powers to whom he addressed his Note that he would be compelled to take this or that course if he could obtain no reply. But he merely tried to get information, and being a man versed in affairs he must have known that, though information may appear exceedingly desirable, it is not always possible to secure it. We cannot then profess to feel in the least hurt, angry, or annoyed at the action of the United States Government. Instead of our newspapers expressing amazement or showing resentment at the Note, we think it would have been very much better if they had advised the Government to give President Wilson as much information as they could.

Our Government should, in our opinion, have met the question in the same naïve spirit in which it was put to them. They could easily set forth the general lines on which the Allies can alone consent to grant peace. They might even go farther, and point out more or less in detail what must be the logical result of putting into practice the principles of action which the Allied Governments have already laid down. In order to prove their perfect sincerity, they might add that they do not suppose that the Central Powers will be likely to accede to these terms, because the military power of their enemies has not yet been sufficiently broken.

Indeed, it would probably be prudent to go on to say that it was perhaps fortunate that Germany was not likely at present to accept the only peace terms which the Allies could grant, for the breaking of that power was bound to be one of the guarantees against future warfare which the Allies ought to obtain in the interests of the world before they themselves laid down their arms. The Allies would also, if they took the action we have suggested, need to put in a *caveat* to the effect that it must not be supposed that the terms they had sketched to President Wilson must be regarded as remaining open. They were not terms about which they would enter into negotiations, but terms which they were willing to grant. Further, they were terms which were only applicable immediately and in the present circumstances. If they were not accepted by the enemy, and the war was thus prolonged and further bloodshed took place, then those terms must inevitably be revised and made more severe. Their answer might be concluded by thanking President Wilson for giving them so good an opportunity of making clear to the Central Powers the terrible responsibility which they incurred, both to their own subjects and to the world at large, by prolonging the war. The more they prolonged it, the greater the amount of reparation that would be required from them and the more stringent the guarantees which the Allies would be forced to demand to insure the world against a repetition of the crime of 1914 and the crimes that flowed from it.

Though we hold so strongly the view that there was nothing essentially unfriendly in President Wilson's Note, and therefore nothing which ought to offend the people of any of the Allied countries, we must in justice to our own people admit that it was not very

feliculously worded. As Mr. E. P. Bell, the able and far-sighted London correspondent of the *Chicago Daily News*, has pointed out, what the President meant to say was that both sides affirmed or alleged that they were fighting for virtually the same thing. Unfortunately, however, President Wilson put the matter, not in this form, but in the absolute form that both sets of combatants were fighting for the same thing. But the dropping out of some such limiting word as "say" or "affirm" or "allege" appeared to alter the whole sense. If both sets of combatants were really, in Mr. Wilson's opinion, fighting for the same thing, and that thing was a good thing—*i.e.*, the protection of small nationalities—then no doubt a benevolent Power like America would be deeply concerned to stop the war at all costs, and to explain to all concerned that they must not cut throats any longer owing to a mistake or merely out of hot blood. In fact, on the President's apparent assumption the war becomes nothing but a huge and ghastly misunderstanding, and there is no need to ask for conditions of peace. All that the President would have to do in those circumstances would be to insist upon a return to the *status quo ante bellum*. But that is a *reductio ad absurdum*. Clearly what the President meant to say was: "Both sides tell me and the world that they are fighting for the same objects. Which side am I to help as far as I can, for it may become necessary for me to take one side or the other? In giving that decision I shall be helped by knowing the conditions upon which each side is willing to make peace." Unquestionably the request for a statement of terms is likely to prove more embarrassing to the Germans than to the Allies. We did not prepare for war. We had no designs upon our neighbors.

We did not commit any act like the violation of the neutrality of Belgium. We did not commit breaches of the laws of war and of the specific agreements entered into at the Hague Convention in order that we might, thereby gain certain combatant advantages. We did not adopt a policy of frightfulness involving the shooting of countless hostages, the burning of towns, the giving up of whole districts to rapine and murder, and the revival of Nebuchadnezzar's policy of carrying off the civilian population in chains.

And here we may add that President Wilson's demand to know the conditions under which we would make peace seems to have given the Allies, and especially this country, just the very opportunity for skilful propaganda which our own publicists, whether writing in this country or as correspondents in America, are now telling us we have missed owing to our national supineness and stupidity. We should have no difficulty whatever, while stating our conditions of peace in general terms, in setting forth the origin of the war and the way in which it has been waged. Indeed, we could not make good our reasons for demanding Reparation for the past and guarantees for Security in the future without letting the world know the treacherous way in which the war began and the diabolical manner in which it has been conducted. President Wilson by his request gives us the ear of the American people. It binds them to listen to our plea, and we are sufficiently confident, as we are sure also are our Government, that our answer would carry conviction, for we agree that the American people have never really mastered the case of the Allies, though, owing to Count Bernstorff's adroitness and activity, they have heard in season and out of season the case for our enemies.

Without loss of dignity, and yet in a manner which is bound to impress the American people by its friendliness, we might repair our sins of omission and commission in the past. Hitherto no doubt the people of this country have suffered from what, curiously enough, the Northern States suffered from throughout the Civil War. When we misunderstood them because they did not instantly abolish slavery, as we thought they ought to have done, they were too proud to explain, too sore at what they thought was their kinsmen's unkindness. In the same way our people have been too proud to explain and too sore for dialectic. Again and again careful observers must have noted that sensitive nations would rather be misunderstood than undergo what they think the humiliation of explaining in public that they are not robbers, cowards, and swindlers. "Let our deeds speak for us. We are not going down on our knees to anyone to tell him that we have not shed innocent blood. We will not even explain to him the nature of our enemies. If people think we fight for the love of it, that our young men give their lives, our women are left widows, our children orphaned, and our fathers and mothers made sonless because we were jealous of Germany and wanted to overthrow her, let them leave us with our dead. It is they, not we, who are dishonored by such thoughts."

Pacifists when they read what we have written will no doubt tell us that our way of treating President Wilson's Note is utterly disingenuous, is worse than a demand that no answer shall be given except a mere *non possumus*. "You are only using the President's request for terms in order to continue the struggle under conditions which you think more favorable. You are not trying to bring about peace." We gladly meet such

an objection. We recognize that the terms which we have put forward elsewhere as the only terms upon which we could grant peace are not at the moment likely to prove acceptable to the Germans. But that does not make us insincere in our desire for peace any more than it made Abraham Lincoln insincere when, longing for peace as he did, he insisted on continuing the war till the power of the South was utterly broken. Listen to his words in the Second Inaugural, for we can find nowhere else a better conclusion to what we have written. Let the words of one President of the United States be remembered by his successor, the man who, like him, stands as the chosen guide and interpreter of the larger portion of the English-speaking race:—

Both read the same Bible, and pray to the same God; and each invokes His aid against the other. It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces; but let us judge not, that we be not judged. The

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prayers of both could not be answered—that of neither has been answered fully. The Almighty has His own purposes. "Woe unto the world because of offences! for it must needs be that offences come; but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh." . . . Fondly do we hope—fervently do we pray—that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said: "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether." With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow, and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations.

AMERICA'S "QUO VADIS?"

Mr. Wilson knows enough of history and of human nature to be in no way discouraged by the fact that his effort to do the belligerents a good turn has been misunderstood by one side and evaded by the other. The misunderstanding has almost passed, and the evasion will be overthrown. And that for two excellent reasons. The first is that the President has with him the predominant opinion of the American Continent, including that part of it most friendly to ourselves. The second is that his appeal is to the interests and the underlying sentiment of mankind. It is open to the critics of the American Note to say that it is

inopportune or obscure. It is impossible for them to deny that behind it lies the greatest material force that the war has left standing. They may find it harder to realize the entirely reassuring truth that this power is now formally enlisted to secure the world's deepest need. That is not to deny America's individual concern in the indefinite continuance of the war. When a prairie fire is raging, the planter has the right and the duty to look to his own homestead. The conflagration which envelops human society is no domestic broil, as, with all its indirect consequences to mankind, was the American Civil War. It is a

flame which daily devours or deteriorates the world's stock of labor, food, the raw materials and implements of industry, including America's share of these necessities; while at least one of its possible and even early developments threatens her peace. But we do scant courtesy to Mr. Wilson's presentment if we treat it as a piece of national egoism, and write out from its measured sentences their reasoned passion for human welfare.

The Note, indeed, is extremely simple in the main structure of its thought. It is easy to read it as it stands, and to read it between the lines. Let us attempt the first of these tasks in order to arrive at the second, bearing in mind that the President speaks as the head of a neutral State, and that the Note is addressed equally to the Central Powers and to the Entente. What, therefore, is its argument? "You are engaged," he says, in effect, "in a war of growing and almost illimitable extent, from which we are nominally free, but which so deeply concerns us that when it is concluded we are willing to abandon our traditional policy, and join you in a guarantee against its repetition. But we are in a difficulty. We recognize that at this stage we have no right to propose peace or even to offer mediation. But, anxious for your welfare and our own, we are struck by the fact, not that the objects of the Powers are the same, but that their statesmen describe them to their own people in much the same terms. Is it possible, therefore, that if both of you say much the same thing, you may not attach irreconcilable meanings to it? We cannot tell; your language is vague, and is addressed to general principles rather than to specific purposes such as nations at war pursue, or to the means you contemplate for accomplishing them. But we suggest that a further statement of objects

might lead to this clarification. If the war—and such a war—is to go on, should it not be to a defined end? And can we, as deeply interested onlookers, help you to such a definition?" That is the Note, and there is nothing else of substance in it.

Now it seems to us to be not enough to describe such a suggestion as void of all offence to ourselves. In point of fact, it is precisely the service of which the Allied cause—the true Allied cause—stands most in need. For the Prime Minister, in response to the German Note, has furnished a general definition of the objects of the Allies, and has called on Germany for a corresponding statement of hers. The immediate call, therefore, is to her; for though our language is wide and susceptible of more than one interpretation, it invites an argumentative reply, and therefore opens up a kind of negotiation. Thus the first effect of the President's Note falls on Germany, and she, feeling this to be the case, has responded. Unfortunately, the response is an obvious evasion. Germany was asked for an avowal of objects, an "interchange of views," as the preliminary to a Conference. She replies with a manifestly insincere proposal to go into Conference without any statement of the basis of a possible peace, and to postpone all attempts to form a League of Nations till after the end of the war. This, indeed, brings us no farther; in the present state of feeling and of undisclosed purposes, such a Conference would be a mockery, for it must break up on the morrow of its meeting. America's two capital aims—the shortening of the war by a declaration of objects and the organization of a working Concert—are both rebuffed.

But Germany may not pursue this course. If she really desires a peace which is not a more or less disguised expression of a resolve to master the

Continent, she cannot for long resist American pressure to state with precision the kind of settlement she has in mind. She must then choose between two opposite policies. If German statesmen take over the piratical program of the Six Industrial Associations, there is no more to be said. Europe will never consent to turn back the course of her history, and to be again in slavery to a single Power. But if she drops the whole idea and plan of annexations and exploitations, and will come in to take "seat and lot" in the society of nations, the basis which America seeks has been found. And if we, again, desire ends which are attainable and fair, and are properly expressed in the Asquith-George formulæ, we can express them, and have no ground of complaint with Mr. Wilson's request for clearness and definiteness of expression. After assailing the Note in every mood and tense, the "Times" now admits in effect that its request is reasonable, and that "we owe the people of America a more elaborate statement of our objects and of the peace terms by which alone these objects can be attained than any that has yet been issued." Could Mr. Wilson desire a completer apology? Millions have died in this war; millions more may fall ere it is ended. At length we have the admission that there is a point in these operations at which a powerful and benevolent observer of them may intervene with the modest request to know how and when the unsettlement of the lives of the men and women of four Continents may cease.

Now it so happens that where this right of inquiry resides, the will to make it effective resides also, and that it is a good will for us and for the world. What are we out for? For some unspecified territorial objects, as to some of which we advise a

reference to a timely note of caution in Sir Harry Johnston's second communication to the "Daily News." But above all for a general rule of conference and arrangement among the European States, in which the sovereignty of the weak nations shall subsist under such a guarantee as Switzerland and Holland have retained and Belgium has lost. There is no party in this country but will see Germany beaten to the earth on this issue so long as she makes the denial or qualification of the State rights which existed in the Europe of 1914 a subject even of debate. But that is the American ground also. The American people, says Mr. Wilson, is as "quick and ardent" as any other in finding means to "relieve the smaller and weaker peoples of the world of the peril of wrong and violence." Substantially, there is only one assailant of those rights; and even if the balance of power between her and her opponents were more equally held than it is, America's chivalrous partisanship of Belgium, and her long association with national liberties in the Near East of Europe, must decide the contest. Here she is no neutral; she is almost an armed combatant, equipped with the instincts and traditions she inherits from us and from the free spirit of her own history and institutions. The peace that she would like to see would be as drastic as the strongest partisan of the Allies could desire, so long as its aim was the full reintegration of France and the smaller European Powers.

It is before the conception of an absolutely ruinous war, in which force would be used as the sole solvent of the moral and political difficulties of Europe, that the American mind halts. There she sees the necessity of looking to forms of reconstruction which she herself is willing to mould in concert with the European Powers.

It is probable that she is not ready to associate herself with territorial changes so drastic as an out-and-out Russian annexation of Constantinople. But on the issue of national freedom her note is crystal-clear. The gate at which she knocks is Germany's, and until the reply satisfies her, she, with the smaller neutrals, for whom she now almost avowedly acts, constitutes a final bar to a German domination of Europe. Is that contested? And if it is not, where is our quarrel with the Presidential Note? That it bars an interminable war, in which
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one temptation of the Entente may be to forget what a long step they have already made to their true goal, and another to commit themselves to a punishment of Germany not, maybe, beyond what she deserves, but well in advance of what we have the power to inflict without calling down an equally heavy penalty on our own heads? If such a force of salvage exists, and can not only arrest the war at the point of security, but fix it there, Governments may not know what to say to it. But millions of fathers and mothers will call it blessed.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

"The Heritage of the Sioux" by B. M. Bower (Little Brown & Company) is a book of a type which seemed to have gone out of fashion years ago—the Fenimore Cooper type. The scene is laid in New Mexico, and the story is one of crime, adventure and romance, with Indians as the central figures,—luckless Annie-Many-Ponies being the heroine, and the scoundrel Ramon the chief villain of the plot. The narrative moves rapidly, there is plenty of incident, and readers who like Indian stories will find no fault with this. A single full-page illustration by Monte Crews serves as frontispiece and decorates the "jacket."

Under the title "Old, Old Tales from the Old, Old Book" (Doubleday, Page & Company) Nora Archibald Smith has re-told the familiar Bible stories in a sympathetic and reverent spirit and so simply that child readers may enjoy them. To an unusual degree also she has preserved the original phrasing, departing from it only when necessary to make the text more easily comprehended. Her purpose is not theological; she has no theories to defend; her aim is simply

to make the old stories attractive and to familiarize young readers with them. This is a worthy aim, and it has been admirably adhered to. Twenty or more full-page illustrations, most of them copies of the pictures of the old masters, decorate the book.

Writing at eighty-five Amelia E. Barr shows no loss of vigor or constructive power in her last novel, "Profit and Loss." It is a story of remodeled character coming through chagrin and pain. Jansen Kelder sets out in life with his vocation as a clergyman chosen by an exceedingly religious mother; but is diverted by his more worldly father into his uncle's bank in London. He leaves Glasgow with a pledge of love from a very lovely but shallow girl, Julia Ruthven, and her sudden marriage to an elderly Baronet, just as he is ready to claim her, upsets all his plans. How he became bitter and worldly, was led to see in the married Julia her constitutional weakness, loved again, heard his old chum preach on "What doth it profit," and returned to the God of his fathers—and his mother—makes very pleasant reading. D. Appleton & Company.

"Mary-'Gusta," by Joseph C. Lincoln (Appletons) is emphatically a book with a heroine. Mary Augusta Lathrop is adopted at the age of seven by Captain Shadrach Gould and Zoeth Hamilton, owners of the general store at South Harriss. Mr. Lincoln's readers will not need to be told that South Harriss is situated on Cape Cod. She soon takes over the management of her two "uncles," their store, and their man-of-all work, Isiah Chase. Her beauty and her calm good sense win the interest of the summer people; she is sent to a fashionable school in Boston and given a summer in Europe. Her friendship with Crawford Smith, Harvard football hero, is just ripening into love when the villain, faintly hinted at in earlier chapters, puts in an appearance. Troubles begin to break like waves in a stormy sea, but Mary 'Gusta rides them all triumphantly and brings everyone safely to port. Mr. Lincoln has the Dickensian touch. He fills his books with characters who are skilfully flavored to suit the public taste with quaintness, bluntness, good-nature, honesty, or comicality; beats each one to a froth; and serves at once. He is careful to use no indigestible ingredients. Some of his humor is machine-made, but an occasional quip will wrest a laugh from the most hardened reader. His attitude toward life is refreshingly sound and wholesome—may the day never come when he shall lack readers!

"Fairy Gold," Katharine Lee Bates's latest volume of verse (E. P. Dutton and Company) takes its title from a light and whimsical play, with which it opens. There follow groups of short poems,—Poems of Christmas, Poems of Sunshine, Poems of Vacation, Poems of Flowers, Poems of Fur and Feathers, Poems of Little People, Nonsense Verses, and Poems of Fair-

ies. Whatever the grouping or designation, the poems are alike in their sweet and sunny spirit, and in their simplicity. They might all be called poems of sunshine, for there is sunshine in them all; and through all of them runs a love of little people, and a warm, human sympathy.

A collection of Western poems by Henry Herbert Knibbs is published by the Houghton Mifflin Company under the title of "Riders of the Stars." The title is taken from the second poem in the book, a racy account of ten thousand cowboys who grew bored by the monotony of Heaven and gained permission to sweep through the "Pearly Gate," and go hunting on the Milky Way. They cry to "The Marster": "Maverick comets that's runnin' wild, we'll rope 'em and brand 'em fair." The rest of the poems possess this same originality of touch, this picturesque grotesqueness of thought. They are freer than free verse in this defiance of conventions though they are all cast into conventional forms. The first stanza in the book will illustrate the quality of their scenery-painting—

Did you ever wait for the daylight
when the stars along the river
Floated thick and white as snowflakes
in the water deep and strange,
Till a whisper through the aspens
made the current break and shiver
As the frosty edge of morning seemed
to melt and spread and change?

A young Frenchwoman, who had lived in America, wrote a series of letters from her College at the Sorbonne, and from a Hospital for wounded soldiers in Brittany, to a friend in this country. The friend hides herself under the initials of H. M. C. and her correspondent under "J. le G." There seems no reason for such modesty; "Letters from France" is a well-written and a

well-translated book. It gives a vivid first-hand picture of the bravery and steadfastness of both men and women in France during this long and hideous war. While the tales of heroism are not startlingly different from those printed so widely in many books they gain a certain freshness and interest by the simplicity of the writing, its utter unconsciousness of an audience; for they were scribbled off in snatched moments for one eye only. Most delicious is the tale of a nephew who hid among the soldiers and ran away to war and then writes from the trenches: "You can imagine how I amuse myself!" Pretty well for sixteen! Houghton Mifflin Company.

A notable book on war and peace is "The Restoration of Europe" (The Macmillan Co.). Dr. Alfred H. Fried, a winner of the Nobel Peace Prize, seeks to make clear in its pages the causes of war. He denies totally the aphorism "Every war ends in peace," declaring that "This world-war is the logical outcome of the kind of peace which preceded it." So "none but prating fools presume to glorify it." It must be used to teach men how to prevent a repetition of such a catastrophe. Just as the war sprang out of international anarchy, so permanent peace will arise out of international harmony of organization. The author sees a time not far ahead when the peoples shall plan, not each for its own selfish ends, but all for the ends of all, when war shall become impossible, as impossible as war now between the different states of the United States or of the German Empire. The book is inspiring, sane, and impartial. It has been well translated by L. S. Gannett, and reads as though originally written in English.

Theodore Watts-Dunton's famous critical essays on "Poetry" and "The Renaissance of Wonder in English Poetry"—the first originally published in the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, and the second in *Chambers's Cyclopaedia of English Literature*—are reprinted by E. P. Dutton & Company in a single volume, edited by Thomas Hake, who was for forty years the friend and for fifteen years the secretary of the author. Watts-Dunton had in mind, in the later years of his life, the expansion of his original essay on poetry by the inclusion of certain of his critical reviews published in *The Athenæum* and which he was in the habit of describing as "Athenæum riders." Having these at his hand, in the form in which Watts-Dunton intended to use them, Mr. Hake has added them to the original, with a typographical arrangement which enables the reader to distinguish the new material from the old.

In "The Kingdom of the Blind" E. Phillips Oppenheim has written a story of the war that is not full of its horrors, but of that side of the war which is equally important and perhaps more fascinating,—plots and counter-plots, secret service, the matching of men's wits. The scenes are laid altogether in England and the book discloses, as have so many others, the blunders and terrible errors made through the blindness of England and particularly her tardiness in realizing the existence of German spies. The plot of the story hinges on the successful showing up as a German spy of one of the principal characters and the climax is reached in the discovery of when and how the first Zeppelin raid upon London was made. The characters are clearly drawn, the style is vigorous, and the action rapid. "The Kingdom of the Blind" is capital reading. Little, Brown & Company.